

# FIGURE ADVENTURE



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Volume 21 Number 10

**March 1995** 

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Uncovering the Playful Side of America's Most Liberated Gals





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Cover photo by James Baes



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

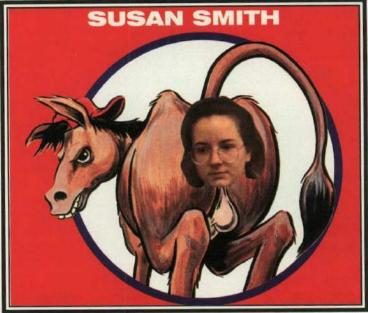
Susan Smith: The world looks at you, and it wants to vomit. Susan Smith: You are a pathetic figure, lower than roadkill, infested by vermin to the very core of your soul, but only a saint can muster up any pity for you. The rest of us hate you as though you were a plague infecting everything we love. Susan Smith: You are the victim and the perpetrator, the accuser and the confessor, mother and murderer to your own two sons, and you are HUSTLER Magazine's Asshole of the Month for March 1995.

Susan Smith: Were your slain babies more doomed when you gave them birth or when you took their defenseless lives?

Never before in the history of America's Magazine has the avenging invective of HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month seemed so inadequate to the task at hand. Unless they are inscribed on the blades of a million knives, woven into the braids of 10,000 nooses, genetically imprinted upon the stingers of a scourge of scorpions, glowingly spelled out in a bed of molten coals, words cannot begin to inflict upon Susan Smith the censure she has earned.

Susan Smith: Will your babies in heaven ignore your screams from hell, just as you ignored their plaintive needs as they sank from sight and life?

No one with a pulse and a TV needs to be told that Susan Smith is the dog-like bitch who destroyed her own children. Her coolness of execution, her coverup of calculated hysterics, her indignant protestations of innocence, her impassioned



pleas to a phantom kidnapper and a betrayed God for a safe return of the two boys she had buried beneath 18 feet of murky water: This performance has, in retrospective viewing, soured more stomachs than almost any previous travesty that has ever sullied our collective screen. She killed; she cried; she lied; she asked for our prayers.

Susan Smith: We pray that the water-eaten faces of your two drowned sons come back to haunt your every living moment just as your murderous wiles will forever haunt your woebegone neighbors, friends, family and husband.

Susan Smith's motives for killing what she'd sown are open to speculation, and all of the speculations

are bad: She did it as a chickenshit alternative to killing herself. She did it for dick. She did it to snag a rich boyfriend who'd elevate her from her Wal-Mart life. She did it to get her husband back. She did it to save 300 bucks a month in child-care expenses. She did it because she's a selfish cunt whose all-consuming, deep-rooted neediness grew and bloomed like a cancer of evil.

Susan Smith: In your solitary cell, under suicide watch with just your shrewd conscience and your Bible, know that any new schemes you hatch will fail to deliver you from the fate you have brought down upon yourself.

Pure as refined white sugar, lachrymose Susan Smith painted a picture of darkest evil. An anonymous black man with a wool cap and a gun (the menacing symbol of all the fearsome rage and savagery that delicate pink flowers such as Susan Smith must be shielded and protected from) had stolen Susan Smith's babies. She assisted a police artist in sketching the suspect and sent law enforcers nationwide gunning for him. Meanwhile, her boys, three-year-old Michael, and Alex, 14 months, were several hours cold, frosted by a hand of their own color, a hand of their own flesh and blood.

Susan Smith: You have awakened the most vile bogeyman from humankind's bleakest dreams, a rotbreathing monster who will be forever vigilant, always waiting, poised to pounce at the instant you wake and during the moments when you first sleep.

Picture these boys. Still too young to know how bad life can suck. At an age when their mother is a goddess, the almighty authority who brings calming order out of distress and chaos, the fount of creature comforts and emotional solace, giver of nourishment and warmth. both bodily and spiritually, source of all security. The cold water seeping through the Mazda's closed windows. The slow sinking. Screams that came from the bottom of the lungs are sealed at the mouth and forced back within those lungs by the fluid, freezing death.

Susan Smith: We would pay to see you in the electric chair, trussed in tight, fastened with all the care you took to strap your innocent boys into their escape-proof car seats.

Judge Lance A. Ito: As reigning magistrate in the O. J. Simpson-Nicole Brown murder trial, Judge Lance A. Ito takes every chance to decry the sensationalist, exploitative media coverage of proceedings in his court. The judge's moral stand against tabloid reporting was undermined in early November when he

#### Farts in the Wind

appeared on CBS TV in a fivepart interview with entertainment-news hackette Tritia Toyota. We don't need to ask what the A stands for in Lance Asshole Ito.

Evelyn Smith: A landlady in Chico, California, Evelyn Smith refused to rent a duplex apartment to Gail Randall and Ken

Phillips. Smith's reason for denying tenancy? Randall and Phillips, a couple, are unmarried. Smith, a conservative Christian, claims her religious freedom allows her to ignore fair-housing laws. "I'm sure there are enough sinners who would rent to them," huffs Smith, with classic Asshole inflection.

# And the Winners of HUSTLER's Real World Contest Are....



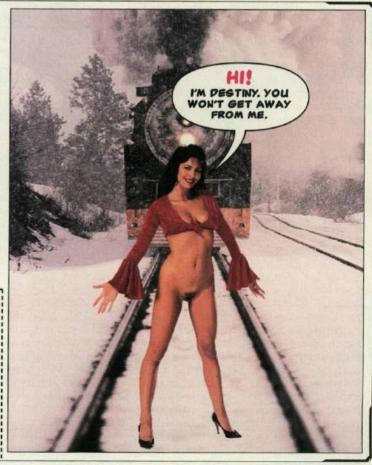
In January, we began a nationwide search for a few good men willing to spend one month in HUSTLER's Real World. The response was overwhelming, and the selections have been made. Pictured with our lovely ladies are (from left to right) Pud from Venice, California, Stephen from Bronxville, New York, and Olmos a resident of Alamogordo, New Mexico. These three lucky readers earned the honor of living in our rented Real World condo with these friendly female volunteers while we photographed the participants' bareassed and sometimes belligerent behavior. We wanted everyone to have fun, but what we witnessed was beyond even our wildest imagination. Find out what happened when these six people ditched their clothes. dropped their differences and got fucking real, in the next issue of HUSTLER.

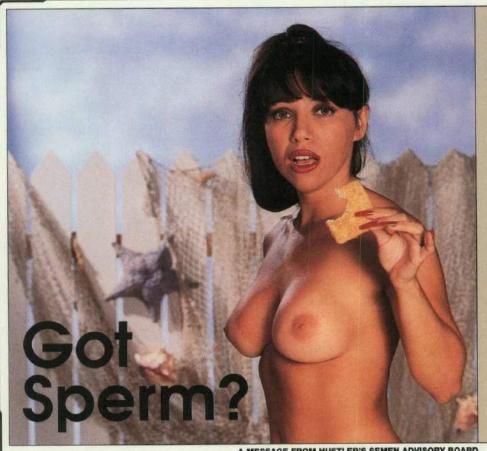
# Win a Date With Destiny!

Those not selected for HUSTLER's Real World shouldn't fret. Fate may hold something even greater in store. This month we begin a new contest to find one devil daring enough to court temptation in the daunting form of Destiny. Interested parties should submit the entry form below. The winning reader will be drawn randomly and receive roundtrip airfare to Hollywood, California, and \$1,069 to spend during a whirlwind weekend of potential danger, fame, fortune or degradation at the hands and feet of Destiny. (Of course, we'll tag along to see how the inevitable course of events unfolds.) Good luck and watch for the announcement of Destiny's date in an upcoming issue of HUSTLER.

Mail coupon to: Win a Date With Destiny Contest, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

HUSTLER BEARS NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WINNER'S POSSIBLE NATURAL FULFILLMENT OR LOSS OF LIFE AND LIMB DURING THIS CONTEST. ENTRANTS ARE HEREBY FOREWARNED THAT FUCKING WITH DESTINY CAN BE DANGEROUS.





Eating will never be bland when there's semen at hand. Breakfast, lunch, even a late-night snack -anytime's the right time for splooge. Man milk is a delicious, nutritious, nondairy way to make mundane meals squirm with mouth-watering goodness. Low in calories, high in protein and chock-full of flavor, jizz feels as good going down as it does coming out. Sperm—it does a body really, really good.

A MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER'S SEMEN ADVISORY BOARD.

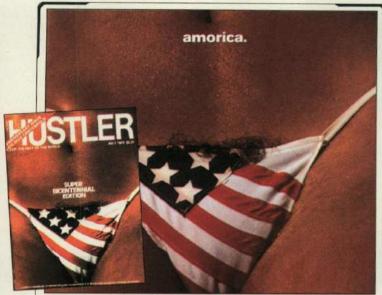




HUSTLER history notes that prior to convenient office locations, proctologists performed their duties outdoors. Brad Ferguson receives this month's \$150 prize for providing hindsight to the rears of yore. Why get behind in your bank account?

Send those dust-collecting, fleshy photos to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.





#### You Saw It Here First

Does the jacket of the new Black Crowes album, amorica., look familiar? Faithful HUSTLER readers will recognize the artwork as the same patriotic pubic hair that first appeared on the groundbreaking cover of HUSTLER's July 1976 issue, which highlighted the hairy side of this country's bicentennial ballyhoo. The retro-rockers purchased photo rights from Larry Flynt, probably in hopes of duplicating our magazine's 2.5 million sales total. Good luck, Crowes.

#### If Not AIDS, Then What?







People in the public eye have a responsibility to look respectable or, at the very least, alive. So what's wrong with formerly lifelike stars Mary Tyler Moore, Iggy Pop and Michael Stipe? Have they been stricken with a new media disease that attacks washed-out

celebrities? Or is this a malady real people should fear? Tell us, in 25 words or less, what's wrong with these people. The most medically sound rationale will win a 1995 HUSTLER calendar to mark the days until these three terminal cases die.



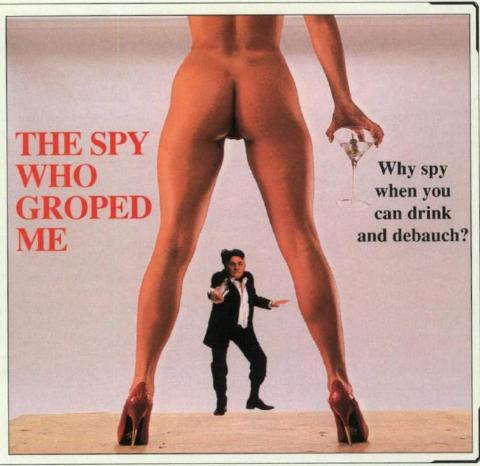
#### The Virgin Martha

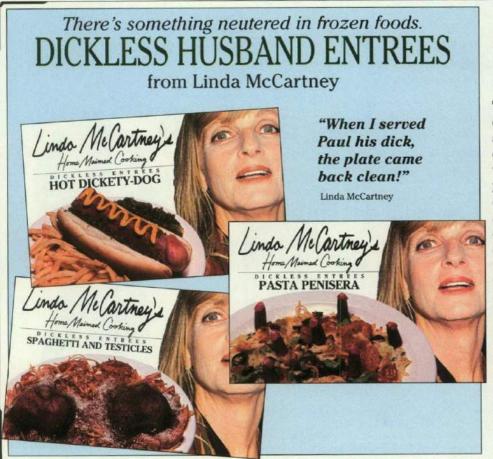
Meet Martha Buttermaker. She's a 19-year-old, straight-C student who recently dated the offensive line of the Shaft High football team-all at once. Just because Martha likes a little gang with her bang, however, doesn't make her a slut. In fact, she recently became a virgin again thanks to True Love Waits. This Tennesseebased family worship plan encourages teens to sign a pact with God renouncing their fucking ways and promising to remain abstinent until marriage. HUSTLER supports this Christian retrocelibacy organization for symbolically sticking cherries back in bushes across America. We ask all reborn virgins to send nude photos of themselves to our offices for a special "Ripe and Ready-to-Pick" issue we're currently compiling. God bless.

# Join the

Tired of a stuffy accounting job that frowns on alcoholism and womanizing? Give that goldfinger a pussy stench by joining the C.I.A.A., a top, top secret branch of the Central Intelligence Agency that encourages inebriation and promiscuity. The C.I.A.A. has existed in principle for many years, according to an unnamed female agent who recently filed a sexual harassment suit against the CIA. Agent X claims the spy agency promotes hard-drinking and skirt-chasing among male agents. Sound fun? Join the few, the proud, the drunken. Travel to exotic locales, meet interesting people and vomit in their toilets.

The C.I.A.A. — More than a cushy job, it's a lush appointment.





#### Home Maimed Cooking

Too many high-profile wives murder their husbands' masculinity and reputation by clamoring for celebrity. Recently, Hillary Clinton verbally gelded President Bill beyond spin-doctoring repair; years earlier, ball-buster Yoko Ono spayed John Lennon into creative oblivion. Now, coming from the emasculating mind of another former-Beatle wife-hearty frozen entrees made from castrated celebrity cocks. Each of Linda McCartney's throbbing gristle-filled dinners provides a beefy alternative for those hungry men whose spouses have turned them into spineless, wishywishy pansy-faces. From the creamy gonad goulash to chile con scrotum, meatless males can finally enjoy the pleasure of a prick one more time.

# The Judge Robert E. Cahill Roundup and Shoot-'Em-Up!

#### **SIGN UP NOW!**

LIMITED SLOTS AVAILABLE!

Sportsmen who like to shoot dangerous, exotic beasts while the animals are drugged and trapped in pens have for years enjoyed "controlled-harvest ranch hunts" in which excess zoo populations are executed at close range by big-bore hunters.

Now, Baltimore, Maryland's Judge Robert E. Cahill has made possible a quantum leap in armchair safaris: the Bang-Up Undomesticated-Bitch Free-Fire Jubilee.

Judge Cahill, pondering an exceptionally lenient sentence he dealt to a man convicted of murdering a cheatin' wife, mused: "How many men married five, six years would have the strength to walk away without inflicting some corporal punishment?"

And how many men have the strength to walk away from the no-risk opportunity to shoot an undomesticated bitch? Thanks to the Honorable R. E. Cahill's clemency, the armchair rifleman can—penalty-free—pump some buckshot into a slot who, according to Judge Cahill's reasoning, deserves a good blast of double-aught.

Many women have committed some affront to masculinity worthy of trial by firepower, but in some cases their husbands or boyfriends are not in the position to, or are disinclined to, plug them. Such unclaimed "trigger rights" have been

deemed transferrable and will be sold to interested parties, with proceeds going to the Avenge the Cuckolds Association.

Due to faults within the judicial system, demand for gunner positions will definitely outstrip supply of guilty females. Gunner spots will be allotted by lottery. Clip lottery ballot today, and mail it to:

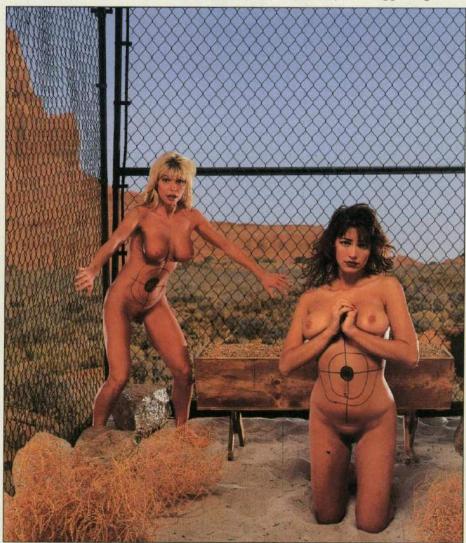
Judge Robert E. Cahill c/o County Courts Building 401 Bosley Ave. Towson, MD 21204

Yes, I want to shoot a bad woman. Please send me information on how I too can get away with murder. I would prefer to shoot a...

() blonde () brunette () redhead () black chick



The Honorable R. E. Cahill says, "It's always a good day for cunt huntin'!"



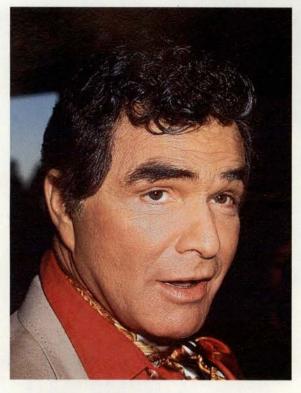
Mary is an adulteress. Joan kept money from her hubby to buy a dress.



OFFER EXPIRES JUNE 17, 1995

# **CANNON-BALD RUN**

Would You Pay a Grand and a Half for This Man's Wig?



Burt Reynolds is a loser. The former film and TV star has headlined in an ugly, public divorce, lost his network series and appeared in *Cop and a Half*. To top it off, Reynolds has recently declared bankruptcy.

How can a single guy pulling down the six-figure weekly salary of a television leading man suddenly go bust? Elaine Blake Hall, Burt's longtime personal assistant and author of *Burt and Me: My Days and Nights With Burt Reynolds*, gives us a clue. According to Hall, Reynolds insisted on buying a new hair-piece every week, at a cost of \$1,500 each.

That's \$78,000 per year blown by Burt Reynolds on wigs.

Mr. Reynolds would have been better served to take that stack of thousand-dollar bills and flush them one by one down the toilet.

Burt: You got beat. The wigs didn't work. They look like dead muskrats slapped onto your head. You paid too much for what you got.

Face it, Burt. The money could have been put to better use.

- YOU COULD HAVE SUPPORTED 5.3 FAMILIES OF FOUR LIVING AT THE FEDERAL POVERTY LINE.
- YOU COULD HAVE BOUGHT SOLID-GOLD BRACES TO CURE ADOPTED SON QUINTON'S OVERBITE.
- YOU COULD HAVE SENT FOUR ACADEMICALLY INCLINED HIGH-SCHOOL GRADUATES TO THE IVY LEAGUE COLLEGE OF THEIR CHOICE.
  - YOU COULD HAVE SUPPLIED 39 AIDS PATIENTS WITH A YEAR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR AZT.
  - YOU COULD HAVE PROVIDED MEALS FOR 49,682 HOMELESS PEOPLE AT A SKID ROW SHELTER IN LOS ANGELES.
    - YOU COULD HAVE SENT 520 INNER-CITY KIDS TO A SUMMER CAMP IN MAINE.
      - YOU COULD HAVE BOUGHT SIX PONTIAC GRAND AMS.
- YOU COULD HAVE PURCHASED ALL OF THE WIGS BELOW, AND STILL HAD MONEY LEFT OVER TO BUY A
  HOUSE IN TOM'S RIVER, NEW JERSEY.



# FOREST ANALIST

Keep up the good work, you dumbass politicians who work so hard to help us American citizens make decisions on what we can handle. I can't handle drugs. I'm glad they're illegal. I can't handle that whore down the street. Good thing she's illegal. Oh, my, I can't handle my dog in wilderness areas. Good thing there's a law for that too. Better get off your butts, you fucking lawmakers. I'm getting more and more stupid. I don't think I can handle my gun any longer. Better outlaw firearms so I won't hurt myself. Let me tell you something. When I point my gun at something, it dies. I don't point it at anything unless I want it dead. I don't point a gun for intimidation; I point it to kill. A gun is a tool, not a toy. So go ahead and outlaw guns. In fact, you can outlaw everything from toothpaste to beefsteak to watermelon. When something is outlawed, only outlaws will have it. And I'm an outlaw. Fact: When something is illegal, it's still there you just have to get it from the black market. Tax free, I might add. HUSTLER, I could go on forever about taxes, drugs and guns, but I'm tired of writing. My fingers hurt. You boys can do whatever you want with this letter. Print it, burn it or wipe your asses with it. Crumple the letter vigorously for a few seconds if you choose the ass wiping. It makes the paper softer. Later, boys. I'm mountain-bound. I'm taking my dog, my drugs, my gun and my HUSTLER-for the pictures. I'll crumple the pages with words on 'em for a few sec--M. J. onds and then put 'em to use. Buffalo, Wyoming

Think On It

Do I have a comment, suggestion or complaint? Are men sick and vicious? The answer to both questions is yes, or I wouldn't be writing. My complaint is that HUSTLER perpetrates (you may need to look that word up) hatred toward women and children (fetus jokes). My suggestion is therapy for all the staff, models and creators of HUSTLER. And my comment: HUSTLER needs to educate themselves more about the gentler sex. HUSTLER misleads its male readers

as to what women truly want sexually.

You poor, pathetic idiots. I can't really hold your ignorance against you. Being as how HUSTLER was obviously created by men for men, it would be impossible to expect any sign of intelligence from you. Are you going to answer this letter or run with your dicks tucked between your legs? I'd appreciate a serious attempt at an intelligent answer, please.

—J. C.

Paris, Texas

Serious attempts at intelligence only arise here in <u>Feedback</u> through the correspon-



Gitana: A Rose in Spanish Harlot

dence of HUSTLER's readership, J. C. Let us turn to one such reader to help illuminate your understanding of the murky depths of HUSTLER's editorial intentions.

#### **Reader Responds**

Everyone knows HUSTLER's 20 years of success can be attributed to the photographic art of pink pussy. HUSTLER is an adult magazine boldly leading today's men and women into the frankly raunchy eroticism that they have been desperately craving. As an avid HUSTLER reader for two decades, I felt HUSTLER might be interested in my idea for securing an even larger, more interactive, readership. My bright idea is this: Since we all read HUSTLER to view the world's best gash-dripping wet and stretched wide open-why not instate another amateur section alongside Beaver Hunt that solicits the sluttiest amateurs to show off their cunts, which are stretched out, canyonstyle, to their utmost? Participants need not show their faces in these shots. I'd call this new section "HUSTLER's Mystery Beaver Mining Expedition." Each husband or boyfriend would describe how the photo entry of their wife or girlfriend became the abused, gushing gash that is pictured.

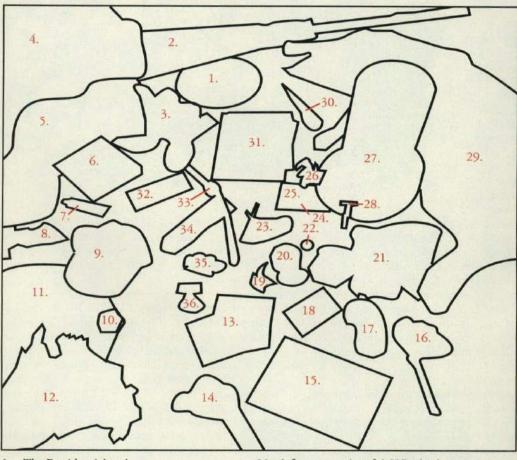
It would be my privilege to be the first entry in HUSTLER's Mystery Beaver Mining Expedition, with selected photos of my wife's gaping cunt. She's 35 years old and loves to have her pussy stuffed with two or more dildos. She enjoys having her cunt stretched wide when being

(continued on page 17)



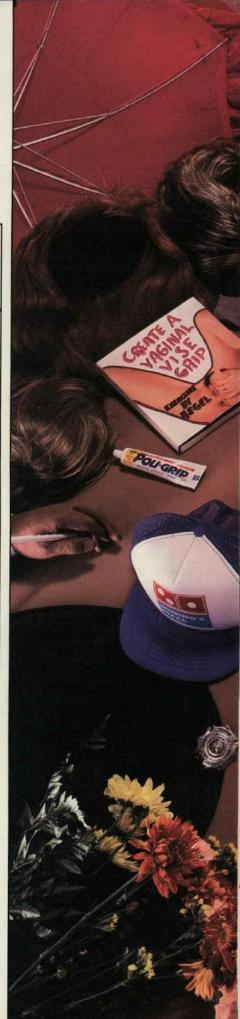
## Inside Hillary Clinton's Butt

America's First Lady turns the other cheek, bends over and drives out the lost loot of a politically correct and controversial, bitchy and embittered life.



- The Presidential seal
- The goddamn broom she rode in on
- Four socks (various colors)
- An umbrella
- 5. A few former hairdos
- Book of Kegel exercises for the vagina
- One four-ounce tube Super Poly-Grip 7.
- 8. Bob Dole's gimp fist
- Domino's Pizza delivery cap
- 10. Arkansas state trooper badge
- 11. Her hat
- 12. Gennifer's flowers
- 13. Tipper Gore's record collection
- 14. Long Dong Silver
- 15. December '94 Playgirl magazine (special "Man of the Decade" issue)
- 17. A Slinky
- 18. Her health plan
- 19. Two crow's feet

- 20. A four-ounce jar of A.T.L. thigh cream (with 2% Aminophylline)
- 21. Bill's confiscated Quarter Pounders (with cheese)
- 22. Eye of Newt (Gingrich)
- 23. One pair Maude-style glasses (Korean made)
- 24. Chelsea's retainer
- 25. Ms. Magazine renewal slip
- 26. Roger Clinton's confiscated coke vials
- 27. Abraham Lincoln's hat
- 28. .30-calibre slugs taken from the guy who shot at the White House
- 29. A Razorback
- 30. A 11/2-ounce turkey baster
- 31. Bill's confiscated HUSTLERs
- 32. One "Ded-Cell" loofah bath sponge
- 33. One imitation-leather riding crop
- 16. Vince Foster's brain (right hemisphere only) 34. A 20-ounce tube of Pillsbury cookie dough (chocolate chip)
  - 35. Jackson Browne's brass knuckles
  - 36. Bill's balls





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#### FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

fucked, and uses for that purpose fruits, vegetables, bottles—she can even fit her fist in her cunt! Tell me HUSTLER—will I see a Mystery Beaver Mining Expedition anytime soon?

—B. F.

Chicago, Illinois

Apparently you need only flip on the bedroom light to see a beaver mine, B. F. Therefore, the element in your stated desire for which you hunger most must be mystery. Baffled J. C.—the writer of the previous letter—has now had her questions about HUSTLER's creative motivations answered: It's all a mystery—a wonderful, mind-boggling Mystery Beaver Mining Expedition.

#### **Political Animal**

Please consider the following letter for Feedback. It's time to call a faggot a Democrat, and that's what they all are. Take your own poll. Faggots, blacks, Jews, liberals and immigrants are 98% Democrat. That's got to tell you something. Democrats gave billions to Haiti, South Africa, North Korea, Vietnam and Russia this year alone-countries still hostile to democracy. Democrats stand for more corrupt government, taxes, welfare, immigration and plan to eliminate personal possession of handguns. I bet they don't -J. H. eat pussy either. Fort Lauderdale, Florida

It was thoughtful of you, J. H., to include \$5 cash to ensure your letter to Feedback would see publication. Unfortunately, the price for buying your way into Feedback is ten to 20 times higher than the amount you enclosed. We're printing your letter anyway, but only to get our bribe rates straight.

#### **Democrats and Asses**

I have just finished reading the October 1994 edition of HUSTLER Magazine, which I found great. Cam, the model on page 84, is amazingly beautiful (Alexandria and Cam: Eat It Up, October '94), and the photos of the seaside location are marvelous. Please include more of Cam in future editions and try to get me his address. Does HUSTLER publish a magazine specifically for gay men? If yes, I would like to make a subscription right now.

—V. S.

São Paulo, Brazil

I'm glad HUSTLER is featuring more hot black models recently. Black and pink make the best color combination. Charmaine from the anniversary issue is super sexy (Charmaine: Rock Solid, July '94). I notice that HUSTLER frequently shows two white females posing in sexy lesbian layouts. Why not use two or more black girls together? Charmaine would look great pulling a train.

—G. P.

Brooklyn, New York

#### One for the GOP

I'm a single 24-year-old male who loves HUSTLER Magazine. There's one HUSTLER model who is number one in my book, and that is Marti (Marti: Close at Hand, November '94). I wish to myself, If only one day I could meet Marti in person and hopefully take her out. I would love a relationship with her, even marry her. If you can, please contact Marti and tell her that I think she's the most beautiful, the most gorgeous and the most pretty woman I have ever seen. And send her down to Texas so I can meet her. If you can do this, my dream may come true. If everything goes rightlike Marti and me were to marry-I would invite the whole HUSTLER staff to my wedding. I would even let you -T. W. kiss the bride.

Dallas, Texas

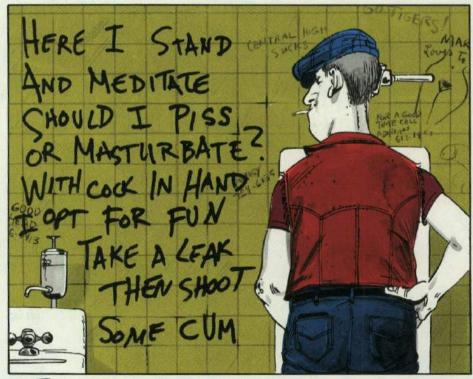
#### **Wasted Dick**

I find HUSTLER Magazine is very much like a drug. The more HUSTLER offers, the more I want. I'm not sure that I haven't crossed over some threshold. Years of masturbating and fantasizing have created a void in me. My girlfriend loves my sexual appetites, but I've seen her cringe at some of my bolder requests. I love her very much, and she would do anything for me, but I have to draw the line. If she does one thing for me today, what will I ask of her tomorrow? The emptiness of my endless sexual longing never seems filled, only forgotten for a time. And then the guilt comes. Can you recommend a resource to which I can turn to fight my urge to masturbate three and four times a day, every day, 365 times a year? If sperm were the substance of life, I would be an empty husk. -Spurting in the Doghouse Portland, Oregon

Much as <u>Feedback</u> would love to make fun of you, Spurting, what you describe is sexual addiction. Only a health professional can help you achieve peace of mind. Look in the phone book for a clinic that treats your ailment, and get thee there posthaste, before you whittle your stick to a nub.

(continued on page 21)

# GRAFFILMY



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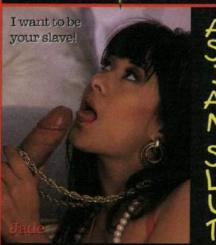
Cock hungry sisters will swallow your load!

I suck cocks!

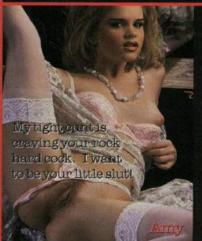
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#### FEEDBACK

(continued from page 17)

#### Stacked Deck

Is it true that HUSTLER has its own line of trading cards, featuring HUSTLER models? If so, please send me ordering -N. B. information.

Lompoc, California

To find the nearest outlet for HUSTLER Trading Cards—showcasing personal and professional stats of dozens of HUSTLER's main attractions-call 203-874-6916.

#### **Bottom Line**

I'm not one to sit down and take the time to write a letter to a stroke magazine, but after flipping through various men's mags in a porn shop today, none caught my eye or captured my heart better than Gitana in HUSTLER's Holiday Issue (Gitana: A Rose in Spanish Harlot, Holiday '94). Photographer Clive McLean deserves a bonus for this one. When I plunk down my hardearned cash for a men's mag, this is what I want to see, and how I want to see it. Gitana looks so hot, I not only purchased HUSTLER's Holiday Issue, I started a trial subscription. I'm not into foot fetishes, she-males or any of that crap. I just want to see beautiful girls in thigh-high stockings, garters and heels. HUSTLER does it right! —J. Y.

Trenton, New Jersey

#### **Gag Offer**

First off, let me express how much I enjoy and admire HUSTLER Magazine. I'm glad to see HUSTLER do such a good job of standing up for the freedom of all Americans. Thanks! As an aspiring cartoonist, I am interested in getting my work into publication and starting my cartooning career. I love HUSTLER, and I would love to see my "questionable" humor therein. If HUSTLER offers any amateur cartoon contests or anything of that sort, please let me know. Any way that I might get my work looked at by HUSTLER would be a dream come true. -Making Laughs Gary, Indiana

Every one of HUSTLER's award-winning professional cartoonists started out where you find yourself now, Making Laughs-a rank amateur without a clue. They did what you can-submit your questionable humor to Ms. Jeanne Diamond, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Make her laugh, and you can make the world laugh.

#### Who's Who?

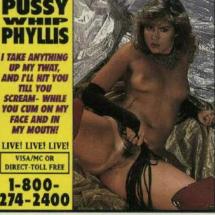
I'm writing concerning a letter in HUSTLER's Holiday Issue Feedback ("Who?," Feedback, Holiday '94). I can't fucking believe J. W. from Macon, Georgia, wants to know if there's a Ron Jeremy fan club. Before J. W. runs out and starts his own Hedgehog appreciation society, let me remind him of what that asshole has been up to. Recently, the malignant furball appeared on Geraldo and spoke of Savannah's tragic death. He made it sound like no big deal. That nogood son of a bitch. HUSTLER, try to put some sense into J. W.'s head. Explain to him that no self-respecting reader of HUSTLER would be interested in Ron Jeremy whatsoever. -EdPinole, California

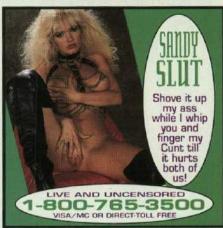
Sad to say, as long as people continue to find Ron-like balls of hair and lint inside their navels, there will be no forgetting the squirrely Hedgehog.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.













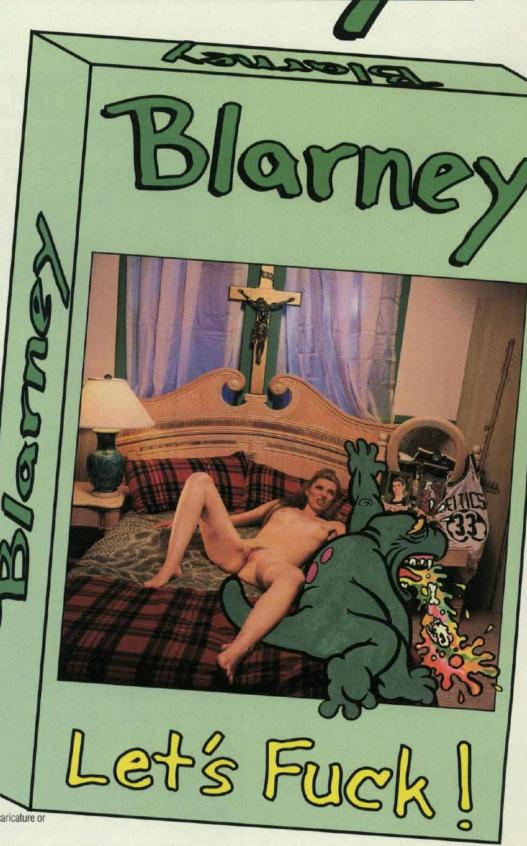


# Blamey

THE DRUNKEN PHILOSOPHER DINOSAUR

It's not easy being a large, Irish reptile in these politically perfect times. Ancient genetic traits are deemed offensive, even illegal. If only the obnoxious moralists of the day could recognize the value of life lessons learned at the behest of a bellowing, lecherous, bellicose tosspot. In honor of St. Patrick's Day, we present the Blarney video series, wherein our saurian leprechaun indoctrinates young and old alike in the proper conduct and ethics of everyday behavior. So, sing along with Blarney, and let's learn together!

Blarney Says...
If you must puke while fucking, aim it off the bed so you don't pass out into it later.

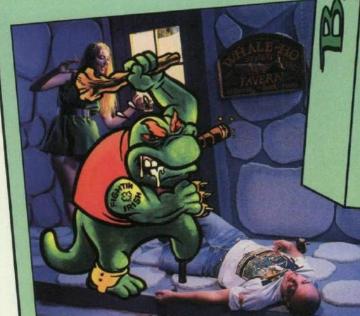


Parody. Not to be taken seriously. Any resemblance to any cartoon caricature or any Irishman living, dead or currently drawn is purely coincidental. **Blarney's Theme:** 

"I hate you/ You hate me/ We're one fucked up family/ I'll spit in your mug/
And piss in your shoe/ If you say you hate me too!"

Blarney Says... Sharing a drink isn't always so bad. Blamey

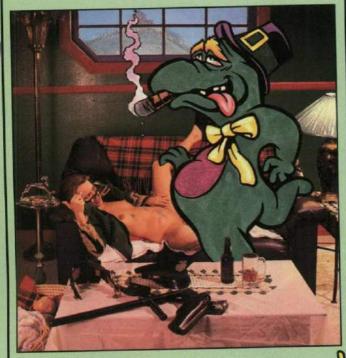
Blame



Get Drunk!

Let's Beat Somebody Up! Blarney Says... Don't hit a man while he's down. Kill him.

# Blamey



Let's Smoke!



Let's Blow Off Some Steam!

Blarney Says...
If you can't hit
the G spot, at
least try to hit
the ashtray.

Blarney Says...
If you don't
remember what
you did last
night, don't try
to find out.



Black Out!

ratury, not to be taken seriously. Any resemblance to any carbon carboature of any frishman living, dead or currently drawn is purely coincidental.

**Blarney Says...** If you must fart while getting a blowjob, wait until after you've come.

> **Blarney Says...** Never wipe your ass with the same tissue you just vice versa.



**Blarney** Says... V.D. will go away.

Parody. Not to be taken seriously. Any resemblance to any cartoon caricature or any Irishman living, dead or currently drawn is purely coincidental.

# Blamey



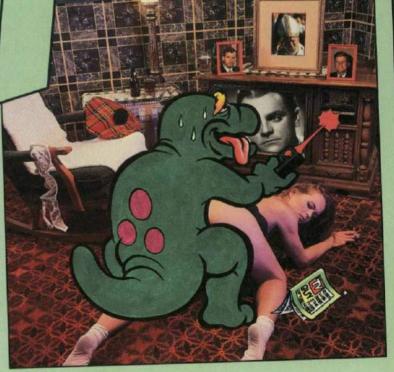
Let's All Get Along!

Blarney Says...
While fucking,
don't change
channels without
the woman's
consent.

Parody. Not to be taken seriously. Any resemblance to any cartoon caricature or any Irishman living, dead or currently drawn is purely coincidental.

Blarney Says... It's all pink on the inside.

lamey



Let's Watch TV!

Tricks wear khakis.

KHAKIS

Ad parody. Not to be taken seriously. Not every person who wears khakis resorts to hookers.

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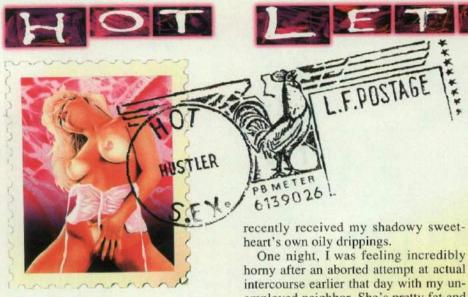
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MOP 'N' GROW

I work as the night janitor in a high-rise in downtown Dallas, and let me tell you, it is a pretty damn lonely job, but recently, a single evening made up for the months of tedium.

One of my main jobs is to clean the bathrooms. The men's room is disgusting-that's a given. But the ladies' room is no bed of petunias either. These "ladies" are too lazy to cover the toilets with the paper slips provided, but they still don't want their precious behinds touching the porcelain; so-as near as I can figure-they squat and hover over the bowls, getting their piss all over the seats, and sometimes the floor. They also leave little lipstick-smudged bits of toilet paper in the sink, and I won't even get into the subject of sanitary, or I should say unsanitary, pads. Cleaning that pigsty is the task I dread most, and I put it off until the absolute last minute of my shift.

The one bright spot in the women's bathroom is the handicapped person's stall. Every night, I find a different pornographic magazine tucked behind the toilet-not one of those wimpy "for ladies only" rags, but always a hardcore, gay men's mag with page after page of giant, rock-hard cocks. I picture a lady executive sitting on the can, her DKNY stockings around her ankles and musky sweat spreading over the pits of her Anne Klein II blouse, as she thumbs her distended clit furiously while gaping at the lurid photos of hugely hung men. It's gotten to the point where, as soon as I see the brightly colored cover peeping out from behind the bowl, my own hefty hose springs immediately to attention. My sole pleasure each night is to whack my wood and shoot a sticky wad into the same stinking water that One night, I was feeling incredibly horny after an aborted attempt at actual intercourse earlier that day with my unemployed neighbor. She's pretty fat and ugly, making her rejection even more depressing. I decided to do ladies' room detail first on my shift, just to relieve the aching in my balls. I hoped that my masturbatory darling's choice of "reading" material tonight was her apparent favorite, the lusty Latino men publication, which always made the thought of my own dark meat plugging her furlined pussy hole more exciting.

When I banged open the door, pinching my nose at the smell, I thought I heard a rustling. It was 8 p.m., and no one in this company ever works that late, but I peeked under the partitions to be safe. Not seeing any feet, I headed for my favorite stall and swung the door open.

There sat the company's head of sales, her knees drawn up and feet planted on the edge of the toilet seat. From that angle, her glistening cunt lips were easily visible, and a glossy book of hot 'n' hard Hispanic hunks dangled from her French-tipped fingers. My cock, already semihard at the prospect of finding her hidden library, burst into



full bloom at this unexpected coup.

"How dare you enter the ladies' room without knocking?" she fumed. She had regained her composure admirably for someone whose titties were hanging out of her blouse.

"Please don't fire me, ma'am," I begged. The lady exec's eyes drifted inadvertently to the lump in my pants. She had the wild, disheveled look of a woman interrupted in mid-orgasm. Her dry lips parted.

"I'm not going to fire you, young man," she declared, her features softening. She had placed her feet on the floor, but her thighs remained open. For a middle-aged lady, she had a very well-preserved pussy, and her generous jugs, blessed with saucer-sized areolas, had only very faint stretch marks.

"I'm feeling rather indisposed," she said, her eyes riveted to my crotch. "Per-

haps you can help me."

Not believing my luck, I removed my trousers. The boss lady's eyes widened at the sight of my ten inches springing free. She ran her fingers through the black curls on my butt cheeks and pulled me closer. Still seated on the throne, she slipped her delicate pink tongue tip into the opening of my foreskin and flicked it against the tender skin of my cock head. A current ran up my tool that made the line of hairs on my belly stand on end. What a skilled mouth she had—like a hooker's!

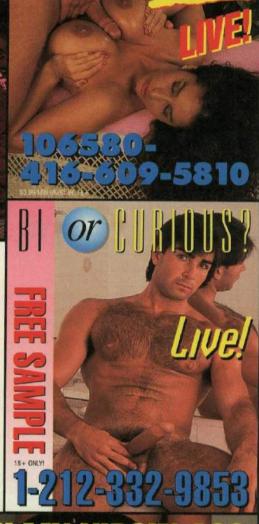
As if she read my mind, the lady took a fold of my foreskin between her moist lips and peeled it back without using her hands. She sharply drew in her breath at the sight of my bare, brown boner. Making a circle of her mouth, she lowered her head onto my shaft and sucked luxuriantly on my mushroom cap, massaging my spunk-heavy balls with one ring-bedecked hand and squeezing the base of my prick with the other.

The combination of her dexterous dick-diving and the diamond bands glittering on her fingers drove me to fury. Shoving her hands away, I fucked her mouth at full throttle, jamming my pole in up to the hilt and knocking her back on the toilet. Rather than object to my sudden violent maneuver, she only sucked more frantically at my furious jackhammer. Her elbow hit the handle of the toilet with each thrust, flushing it again and again. Finally, the bowl overflowed, and the nasty water gushed out between her legs onto the floor.

My custodian instincts kicked in.
"I'll get my mop," I announced, re-











#### HOT LETTERS

He stared unblinking as the sponge glided over my flat belly and up the valley between my soapy titties. His longing stirred something deep within me—specifically, my pussy.

moving my pud from her ravenous jaws.

"Noooo!" she howled. She flopped onto her back in the toilet spew, pulling me down with her.

"Please fuck me!" She grunted like a hungry pig. She pulled her slick cunt lips apart, showing me the swollen, pink clit I'd been dreaming about.

Ignoring the dirty water swirling around my knees, I pulled off her sopping hose and, taking one of her ankles in each hand, rammed my cock into her hole over and over with all the pent-up aggression my balls could muster. Her surprisingly tight slit clamped onto my dick, resisting each stroke.

"Yes!" she cried, jerking her hips up to meet my pumping prick. "I'm such a whore. Call me a whore."

"Whore!" I yelled, digging my fingers into the soft, pale flesh below her calves.

"In Spanish," she beseeched.
"Puta!" I screamed. "Cochina!"

"Yessss!" The lady boss hissed out an excruciating orgasm and lay limp on the tiles, her dyed blond hair soaked dark with funky fluids.

I added my own fluid to her coiffure when I pulled my rod out and shot freely, not bothering to aim. Some of my jizz splattered on her cheek, and her tongue darted out to slurp it up.

"Thank you," she sighed, licking a speck of splooge off her upper lip. "We'll keep this between us, of course."

Of course—with the exception of my lawyer, who thinks I have myself an excellent sexual-harassment case. —C. V. Dallas, Texas

#### PLASTER CASTER

A couple of months ago, there was an item in the paper about a male nurse who was arrested for having sex with an elderly, unconscious patient. Being a nurse myself, I believe sexual relations between patients and medical personnel are always wrong, even if the patient is awake.

I had a fellow in my ward who had been in a dreadful car wreck. Mr. Simon was in traction and covered from head to toe in bandages and plaster, with only his eyes visible and tiny airholes over his mouth and nostrils. Each day, as I straightened up after his visitors, his eyes would follow me around the room, like creepy eyes in a painting.

One evening, I was feeding Mr. Simon his dinner, and the tube slipped out of his mouth. When I leaned over his head to fit the end back in, he became quite agitated. I looked down to see that my uniform had popped open, and Mr. Simon had a clear view right down my cleavage to my navel.

"Please excuse me, Mr. Simon," I apologized, doing up the buttons. "I'm rather top-heavy for my size; so it's difficult for me to find dresses that fit me properly."

"Ohhhhh!" he groaned through his mouth hole.

"What's wrong, Mr. Simon?" I asked. "I can't understand you."

Moaning like a freak, he made another effort to speak: "N-ohhhhhhhh."

His eyes, glued to my chest, filled with tears.

My heart went out to my caged patient. After pulling the curtain around his bed for privacy, I undid my buttons again to free my breasts, which were barely subdued by a white-lace demi-bra.

"Poor Mr. Simon," I whispered. "Does this make you feel better?"

"Oooo-loooo," he replied forlornly.

Perhaps a little show would cheer up my patient. I undid the front hook of my bra, and my boobies bounced free.

"How about a sponge bath?" I asked cheerfully.

Pulling my dress down around my waist, I took the sponge intended for an old lady in the next room and slowly rubbed it over my breasts. I lifted first one titty, then the other, and washed the sweaty folds underneath.

"That's the most important area," I informed Mr. Simon.

"Esssss," he tried to nod.

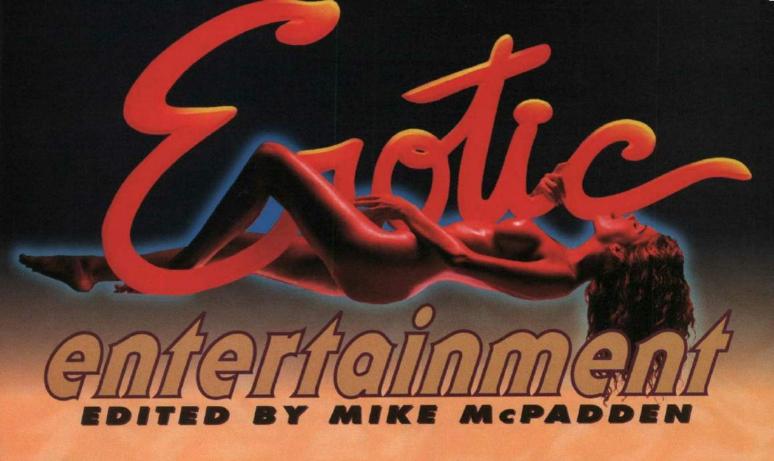
My patient stared unblinking as the sopping sponge glided over my flat, white belly and up the valley between my soapy titties. The longing in his eyes stirred something deep within me—specifically, my pussy. Warm fluid gushed out of my own natural spring, soaking the crotch of my white tights, and my nipples made little pinpoints. Dropping the sponge with a groan, I pinched and twisted the slick nubs between my fingers.

Mr. Simon blew the feeding tube out of his mouth. His tongue inched its way out, curled in a U-shape and wiggled frantically. I was well-versed in hospital rules, but I saw only a patient in need.

(continued on page 47)



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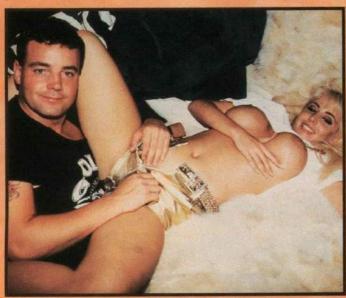
## JOHN WAYNE BOBBITT UNCUT

**Totally Limp.** Directed by Ron Jeremy; starring John Wayne Bobbitt, Crystal Gold, Olivia, Jasmine Aloha, Tiffany Lords, Jordan St. James, Letha Weapons, Nikki Randall, Athena, Lana Sands and Lemmy. Videocassette: Leisure Time.

It's lumpy. So goes the answer to the single question on the mind of any unfortunate suckered into enduring a single second of *John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut*. Bobbitt and his dick, of course, parted ways the night his wife, Lorena, decided to wield steel rather than continue spitting Latina fire. Microsurgery reunited the happy pair—though Bobbitt and his wife split for good—and now Leisure Time video seeks to divorce the curious from their cash by perpetrating *John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut* on the paying public. For the record: Bobbitt's johnson is bulbous at the base, lanky and shanky up

top and is accompanied by balls that apparently continue to pump, as evidenced by a pair of cum-shots that can only be described as painful-looking. To contemplate the role of a freak show like *Uncut* in society's collapse is as silly and pointless as the film itself. *John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut* is not without wit, though, and the movie carries with it a welcome sense of expectancy long missing from XXX. Nonetheless, as whack-off material, it's every bit as useless as a chopped-off wien dumped in the gutter: The more you look, the less you'll want to touch.

—Selwyn Harris



Bobbitt: A boob and his bimbo.



Bobbitt: Go easy, ginch!

Poison: Celeste, positioned to swallow.



Edge: West parks wad in Williams, while inhaling Jaye's hoot.



Nasty Nymphos #5: Hot, lovely Melissa Hill is #1.

## POISON

**Three-Quarters Erect.** Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Celeste, Kylie Ireland, Dyanna Lauren, Sally Layd, Mike Horner, Brad Armstrong, Marc Wallice and Woody Long. Videocassette: Vivid.

Freaky fuck Celeste always appeals, and *Poison*, her latest star vehicle, provides the off-kilter, extremely erotic brunette with what may be her most salacious showcase to date. Mike Horner plays some sort of gumshoe-dick tracking The Case of Veronica Black, the trail of which leads directly to Celeste's luminous hump-wedge. Evidence mounts as Celeste blows and bangs Brad Armstrong in a strip club, culminating in an exquisite, tit-mushing, 'nad-melting money-shot all over the bright-eyed lovely's wide-open mouth. Skinny-dick Marc Wallice slips it to Kylie Ireland on a couch; Woody Long dunks his wang deep in Dyanna Lauren; Celeste and Lauren wax brilliantly lesbianic behind bars; and the tape concludes with Kylie smooching Sally Layd's clit, while Horner has his way with the latter's bowels. Too much plot bogs *Poison* a bit, but director Scotty Fox and the ever-stellar Celeste serve up an otherwise intoxicating brew.

# CLOSE TO THE EDGE

Half Erect. Directed by Bud Lee; starring Kelly Jaye, VixXxen, Debi Diamond, Victoria Andrews, Mark Davis, Tony Tedeschi and Randy West. Videocassette: Vivid.

Close to the Edge is a typical Vivid Video enterprise, meaning it's thoroughly professional, though only close to recommendable. The Vivid template goes as follows: one knockout girl—in this case, blond Kelly Jaye—leads an attractive cast through stock crotch action, granting the home stroker at least one scene for which he's glad he's got hands. The hot hump pile here consists of suave Brit-fuck Mark Davis dumping stuff in Debi Diamond's dinkhole while velvety-supple VixXxen sups of their sex. Retirement-defying Randy West creams Kelly Jaye's face after spearing Victoria Andrews in her most intimate gland; Tony Tedeschi rams it again to Diamond's perpetually hard-working rectum; and Davis returns to sink a few into Kelly across the top of a pool table. Close to the Edge: It's not quite close enough.

#### NASTY NYMPHOS #5

**Three-Quarters Erect.** Directed by Biff Malibu; starring Rebecca Lord, Mark Davis, Tess Newheart, Tom Byron, Melissa Hill, Mike Horner, Anna Malle, Jon Dough, Tera Heart, Sean Michaels, Misty Rain, Dominique Winters and Chad Thomas. Videocassette: Anabolic.

Anabolic Video further refines its crude, rude and filthy fuck-tape formula with Nasty Nymphos #5. Though the box cover's promise of "2 hours and 20 minutes" threatens tedium, the time breezes by in unflagging bursts of blowing sluts and blasting bones. Sleek and powerful French fluff Rebecca Lord wants to stay in America; being able to suck dick like that, she should have no trouble finding a sponsor for her resident visa. Tess Newheart, a trailer-park off-blonde, announces: "I'm just a slut. I'm a dirty slut." Then she proves it with a wide cock in her shitter looking like a too-big greased turd. Melissa Hill has a big grin, a lilting, turned up nose, black hair, cheerleader legs and a round of wad shot straight into her mouth. Swinger Anna Malle, a curly-hair high-performance pole gobbler, takes a huge cum blob to the lips while smiling like a McDonald's counter person. Tera Heart is a lazy-lid trash twat with black dick in her ass and puss. Two big-butt broads close the tape in a sweaty threeway with a dick that's rubbed as raw as the viewer's at home.

—Christian Shapiro

COMIC NOOKS

Forget the X-Men.

Revolutionary Comics now provides the perfect excuse to peruse the shelves of the local nerd headquarters: real-life tales of XXX women, erotically illustrated and unabashedly told in comic-book form.

At the height of last fall's Halloween season, L.A.'s Golden Apple comics shop hosted an in-store appearance by such lascivious luminaries as Sarah-Jane Hamilton, Tiffany Million, Shelby Stevens, Annabell Chong, Becky Sunshine and Aja. The girls unveiled a bit more than just their new titles, much to the slavish appreciation of a lot of guys who looked like they really needed to be there.

The comics are of decent quality, masturbation-friendly and certainly more fun than checking out what some radioactive muscle freak in a leotard is up to these days.

Revolutionary Comics are available at most comic book outlets that boast an "underground" or "smut" section.



## MAKIN' IT

**Half Erect.** Directed by Toni English; starring Mina, Kaitlyn Ashley, Debi Diamond, Tricia Yen, Isis Nile, Marc Wallice, Sean Michaels, Ed Powers, Wayne Wright and Jim South. Videocassette: Caballerro.

Makin' It exemplifies a rare phenomenon in modern-era porn: a slap-dash fuck tape whose nonsexual content plays far more engagingly than its on-screen schtupping. Pursuing his dream of dirty-movie stardom, blond doofus Wayne Wright ambles into World Modeling, the real-life Hollywood digs of real-life Hollywood flesh merchant Jim South. South first coaches Wright and, later, half-Asian 'ho-hopeful Mina on the ins and outs of breaking into blowbiz. Various technical aspects of fucking in front of the camera are pointed out, the ritual of choosing who gets to splooge who is unveiled, etc. The pontifications of a Dixie-fried sex peddler might make for an enjoyable 60 Minutes segment, but such ramblings hardly figure as stroke fodder. Makin' It's competent-enough cast fucks itself in the standard configurations. The only coupling of any interest sees Isis Nile so expertly swallow Sean Michaels's mega-bone that he pops off before he can plow her muddy banks. Makin' It may offer candid insight into the profession of lechery, but it falls short of providing meat-pullers with any visions worth making a mess over. —S. H.



Makin' It: Marc, Kaitlyn and Mina make a mound of mating.

# GANGBANG AT THE OK CORRAL

**Half Erect.** Directed by John T. Bone; starring Kerri Downs, Jordan Lee, Zina Dean and 14 auys. Videocassette: Fantastic Pictures.

Time is a precious commodity, and Gangbang at the OK Corral wastes none of it on plot, character development or any of that between-sex-scene chatter and clutter that so rob the porn viewer of valuable moments. In effect one long cluster-fuck with the cum saved up for the end of the tape, OK Corral is a cavalcade of team reaming wherein three broads take on an overload of choads. The flick is all shot on some horse ranch in the big-sky outdoors, with butt-fuckin', cocksuckin' and cunt-slappin' aplenty. Big, greased wieners plow plucky butthole, a triple-penetrated poon gargles in a flowerbed and some guy suddenly decides he's going to go down and eat some pussy. This guy mushes his face into a mess of piss flaps, even after we've all seen the cunt gushing like a water fountain from all the dick that's been slobbering in it. There's one at every gang-bang, and that's okay.

—C. S.



Corral: OK, OK-Let's have us a gang-bang!

HUSTLER MARCH

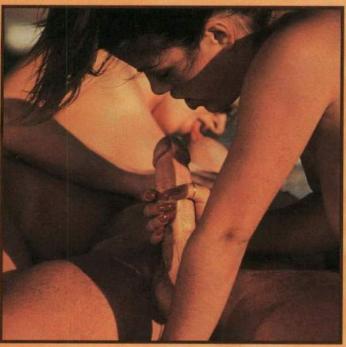
## 6

#### BABEWATCH

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Buck Adams; starring Rebecca Wild, Asia Carrera, Kylie Ireland, Bionca Trump, Holly Body, Brittany O'Connell, Brooke Waters, Jon Dough, Tony Tedeschi, T. T. Boy and Buck Adams. Videocassette: Sin City.

For those to whom TV's Baywatch falls short as jag-off inspiration, Buck Adams brings forth the inevitable hard-core send-up. From its opening montage of porn ginches in lifeguard gear, through its multiple scenes of sex on (or near) the beach, Babewatch is more than watchable. Holly Body takes a vicious boning from berserk lifesaver T. T. Boy; Brittany O'Connell oils Brooke Waters's mouthwatering buns as a prelude to some lilting on-the-sand sapphism; Jon Dough devours Asia Carrera clit-first, then crams her cunt and creams her; bulky, beautiful Bionca Trump serves as a scintillating fuck blanket for Tony Tedeschi and Kylie Ireland; and director Adams dips his rod in Rebecca Wild's pink wiggly. Interspersed with the seaside schtupping is better-than-average XXX intrigue, which, coupled with admirably high production values, makes Babewatch a refreshing and suitably salty plunge into mainstream porn.

—S. H.



Babewatch: Bionca Trump tugs bone with the best.



# **BLONDE**JUSTICE 3

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Bud Lee; starring Janine, Leslie Glass, Kylie Ireland, April, Adam Wilde, Tony Tedeschi, Ian Daniels and Rebecca Bardoux. Videocassette: Vivid Film. Shot on Film.

There is little justice in the XXX universe, as evidenced by the continuation of the Blande Justice series. In a fair world, a fuck-flick setup based upon a stuck-up, bird-faced floozie who won't suck dick, won't touch dick, won't so much as look at a dick, would never reach sequel number three, no matter how slick and professionally preened the star pricktease might be. Granted, the supporting cooze is worth a shot, but readers are tired of reading review after review lambasting Janine's frustrating and fraudulent refusal to connect with penis, and reviewers are tired of writing those reviews. How is it possible that there is a remaining viable market base of men who are not tired of Janine? Please explain, care of this publication, you underlaid, nondiscriminating, buy-anything faggots.

—C. S.

# JOHN LESLIE'S THE VOYEUR #2

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by John Leslie; starring Liquid Slater, Lana Sands, Kitty, Melissa Hill, Eva, Kylie Ireland, Shane Tyler, Sean Michaels, Jon Dough, Joey Silvera, Chad Thomas, Tom Chapman, Kyle Stone, Ricky Ricardo, Damien and Valentino Rey. Videocassette: John Leslie Productions.

Originality may be overrated after all. Old dog John Leslie's structure in *Vayeur #2* is a blatant lift, but what it lacks in new tricks is more than compensated for in erotic verve and competency of execution. The libido is a seat of tensions, and Leslie's string of I-spy sexings bristles with nervy arousal. Long-limbed, brunet exotic Eva pisses off her car mechanics; so they jizz all over her face and nips. Kitty and Melissa Hill, corresponding slinky brunettes with slightly buck teeth, split a stud's double load of splooge on their twin lapping tongues. Butt-happy Lana Sands dongs herself on a toilet seat; Asian angel Liquid Slater siphons a pair of semen shooters into either side of her mouth after both have been in her ass; Eva returns to the garage, provoking a spuzz royale; Two more straight bones end with blasts of wad smearing smiling faces. *Voyeur #2* is something to look at more than once. —*C. S.* 



Voyeur #2: Love to look at those loins and labes.



Justice 3: Wilde with a mouthful of anyone but Janine.











A single gander at Gallic XXX imports Rebecca Lord, Barbara Doll, Beatrice Valle and Bridgette Aime brings but three words to mind: Vive la France!

Barbara Doll is all creamy boobs and northern provincial charm; Beatrice Valle, the picture of sensual sophistication.

Bridgette Aime pulsates carnal elegance, but long-legged, perfect-titted, lightly freckled brunette Rebecca Lord looms above her every peer in current porn—regardless of national origin—in terms of sheer erotic power.

Not since those cigarette-puffing, soap-fearing tyrants shipped the Statue of Liberty our way have Americans been given reason to feel such loads of gratitude toward the French. But as Rebecca Lord rises as adult video's next true superstar—the time may well be on hand to say, "Merci, you bastards."

## CHAIN GANG

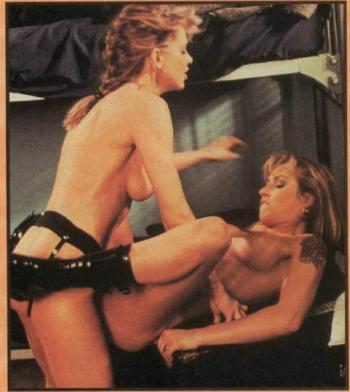
**Three-Quarters Erect.** Directed by Grant Dickerson; starring Celeste, Maeva, Misty Rain, Sharon Kane, Nikki Sinn, Lana Woods and Beatrice Valle. Videocassette: Odyssey Group.

They're hot, they're sexy, and they're locked up. Too bad there aren't more of them. Most of *Chain Gang*'s sumptuous all-girl cast does get naked and nosh nook, but considering its tiny size, this hardly makes for epic erotica. On the plus side, *Chain Gang*'s four sex scenes are absolutely flaming: Sleek-bodied Maeva seduces ultrasupple Celeste in a serene forest setting; Celeste catches would-be escapee Misty Rain and floods her fuck box atop a pile of junk; mature and muscular Sharon Kane shags shimmies with tattooed tough girl Rain; and freed floozies Nikki Sinn and Beatrice Valle chow trim and howl like madwomen in a swank hotel room. Clits bump; rumps get slapped; labes are nibbled with aplomb. *Chain Gang*'s only weakness is that it could use a few more links.



**Three-Quarters Erect.** Directed by Ed Powers; starring Arianna, Felecia, Rebecca Lord, Shane Tyler, Jun Kakamoto, Saori Monna, Yuka Kawamura, Mr. Mattman and Ed Powers. Videocassette: Vivid.

Ed Powers is a fucking creep: ugly, sniveling, potbellied, bespectacled and thoroughly sleazy. He's also a visionary pornographer. Tight Shots is Powers's latest cinema verité stalk-and-seduce gambit, distinguished from his other series (Bus Stop Tales, More Dirty Debutantes) by a ridiculous gimmick—two cameros providing simultaneous, split-screen images—that, in a surprising display of good judgment, is employed only sparingly. Shane Tyler, a blond stripper persuaded into motel room passion by Powers's partner-in-slime Arianna, fucks and sucks her way through the hot, trashy tape-opener. The scene's most electrifying climax comes when Arianna convinces the amazingly ample-bosomed female camera operator to doff her top while filming the fuck heap. From there, the movie follows Powers to Japan, where a series of Shonen Knife-lookalikes enchantingly suck Ed, and each other, off. Back in the states, Arianna beds a lovely, coco-nippled brunette who later bounces around with Ed's boffer up her bung. Gallic fuck-pastry Rebecca Lord puffs Powers's miniscule fleshpipe in the tape's finale. Witnessing Lord, a revelotion of erotic leveliness, fouled by the worst sort of beer-gutted mook will make some viewers scream and the rest cream. Ed Powers is that kind of fucking creep; Tight Shots is that kind of video.



Chain Gang: The sound of no men working.



Tight Shots: Powers taps Tyler; Arianna's underneath.



## RADICAL AFFAIRS VIDEO MAGAZINE #8

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by M. Stone; starring Angela Summers, Marc Wallice, Misty Rain, Felecia, Barbara Doll, Alex Sanders and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette: Moonlight Entertainment.

A video magazine covering XXX reality is, in concept, a good enough idea, but the cathode periodical that is Radical Affairs #8 sucks out loud. Ron Jeremy is this edition's editor, emcee, master of ceremonies...whatever you call him, he's #8's bad decision number one. An opening monologue praising Al Goldstein is nauseating on more lev-

els than anyone should be forced to count. Eight minutes in, after cuing balls on a pool table, over-stuffed cupcake Angela Summers shows a few body parts. Marc Wallice then pins Summers to the pool table, and the two porn pros agonizingly fake orgasm over a blank soundtrack. Wallice finishes off with his own hand, and a squeaky skeeve from some sub-par smut magazine gives a long interview in front of two Woody Allen posters. Two girls grapple, and blowsy Barbara Doll sucks up a dump of cum. Too much propaganda; not enough pop-shots. -C. S.



#### JADED LOVE

Half Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring D. J. Alden, Kaitlyn Ashley, Micky Lynn, Christina West, Nicole London, Alex Sanders, Buck Adams, Tom Byron, Peter North and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Caballero.

While a piano tinkles evocatively, the opening credits of Jaded Love inform the literate viewer that the presentation on the way is based on a true story told to director Henri Pachard by another man's wife. Anyone interested in that story can either contact Henri Pachard or, better yet, find another man's wife of his own. Otherwise, watch bitterly cherubic blonde Kaitlyn Ashley take two spills of ball plop onto her asshole, above her double-bubble pussy chew, from T. T. Boy and Alex Sanders. Don't worry about why Tom Byron, dressed in suit jacket and underpants, is sitting there looking on. Alex Sanders walks in on some chick who, one can only surmise, means something to him. She's got Buck Adams's nose buried in her snatch, and he leaves a liquid balling card on the small of her back. In Byron's return, a nubile snatch rams a dildo into his ass while an older broad sucks his dick. No cause for concern. Despite the rapt faces in Love's final fuck, the rooting is rote, as will be the yanking of any jaded jerk wanking at home.



Jaded Love: Lynn rams rubber up Byron's bung.

# TROKER'S GUID A QUICK CHECKLIST OF X-RATED FEATURES REVIEWED IN PAST ISSUES OF

HUSTLER AND HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



#### **FULLY ERECT** Superior. A top production.

#### Black Orchid (Western Group)

Ona Zee, Lacey Rose, Jonathan Morgan

#### **Buttman's British Big Tit** Adventure (Evil Angel)

Nita, Anjelica, John Stagliano

Pussyman 5: Captive **Audience** (Snatch Productions)

Leena, Lacey Rose, Tony Martino

#### Sodomania 7 (Elegant Angel)

Tianna, Tammi Ann, Joey Silvera **Virgin Treasures Volume One** 

### (Private Video)

Brittannia, Kitty Yung, Alberto Rey



#### THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material.

#### **Bachelor Party 2** (Fantastic Pictures)

Sydney, Maeva, Blake Palmer

#### Hot Tight Asses 6 (TCKS)

Melonie Moore, Beverly Glenn, Peter North

#### Sodomania 8 (Elegant Angel)

Janey Lamb, Stephanie Hart-Rodgers, Roscoe Bowltree

#### Trailer Trash (VCA)

Tiffany Mynx, Nikki Sinn, Steve Drake



#### HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

#### Anal Rookies (Rosebud)

Flame, Domonique Simone, Sean Michaels

#### The Darker Side (Hollywood Video)

Tami Monroe, Amanda Rae, Jay Ashley

#### Love Potion 69 (VCA)

Shelby Stevens, Traci Prince, Ian Daniels

#### Paging Betty (VCA)

Josper, Ono Zee, E. Z. Ryder

#### **Private Request** (Glitz Maximum)

Bionca Trump, Gabrielle, Tony Martino

#### The Secrets of **Bonnie and Clyde (Vivid)**

Tara Monroe, Nicole London,

Jon Dough

#### Starlet (Vivid)

Nikki Dial, P. J. Sparxx, Tony Tedeschi



#### ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

#### **Body and Soul** (Odyssey Group)

Ashlyn Gere, Alex Jordan, Mike Horner Supermodel (Vivid)

Lene Hefner, Ariel, Buck Adams



#### TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

#### John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut (Leisure Time)

Letha Weapons, Crystal Gold, John Wayne Bobbitt

#### Margarita on the Rocks(Silver Foxx)

Veronica Rio, Tina Target, Zen Buckgroo



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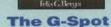
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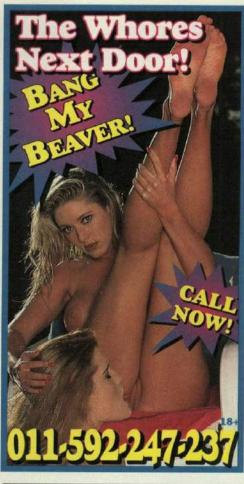
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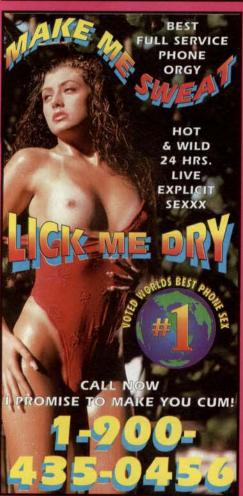
LIVE! LIVE! LIVE! Sex Crazed Lesbos! 10509-1-514-851-148

Adult over 18 only

Junkies wear khakis. KHAKIS Ad parody. Not to be taken seriously. Not every person who wears khakis shoots dope.















ook in the mirror and see what women see when you stare at them. A mammaryobsessed monomaniac. Six blocks away, they pin you as the kind of loser who reduces female humans to the sum of their protruding body parts. Face it: There's no cure for those who view chicks as sex objects. Dejected, you prowl the produce sections of suburban supermarkets, rebuffed by junior homemakers and aroused beyond reason's limit by the tantalizing textures and clefts of cantaloupes, casabas, peaches and juicy nectarines. All the while, your inalienable tendency to spy sex in everything you see could be your key to accumulating riches and bitches in an exciting GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY career. Now, more than ever, the demand for GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY has far outstripped supplies. Girly magazines, auto-tool calenders, beer posters, lingerie catalogs, anti-porno propaganda, blackmail shots and the extensive, highly specialized needs of private collectors must all be produced in a competent, lurid manner for many years to come.

INSTITUTE

#### DO YOU WANT THE TOOLS TO DO THE JOB?

Imagine yourself sifting through a selection of the world's most gorgeous women. As a professional in the GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY industry, you'll pick and choose from willowy blondes, alluring brunettes, tarty Latinas, rhythmic African-Americans, rapacious redheads and omnisexual, purple-haired, punk-rock princesses. Your evaluations of prospective models will consider breast size and lift, firmness of buttock, fineness of facial features, symmetry of line in limbs and torso, and crease

indexes and fold factors of vaginal lips. Though desirable beyond the reach of the average worm, these women do not have the option of turning down work. Rejecting them or accepting them at your whim, you will mold imperious beauties to your most wayward interpretations of lust-and be paid handsomely for your work.

#### DO YOU QUALIFY FOR A PRESTIGIOUS GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY CAREER?

Probably not. Only a minute segment of the leering-male majority can make the cut. Still, if you pass the test below, we'll take a risk and give you, at absolutely no cost and under no obligation whatsoever, the primary lessons in GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY, printed on the following two pages. However, all mooks who fail the test should skip the next few pages without peeking and go back to fondling defenseless honeydews until the produce detectives come and lock you up for molestation of melons.

#### WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THIS PICTURE?

- 1) Direct, crotch-searing eye contact.
- 2) Tousled, disheveled, damp demeanor.
- 3) Her finger is on the button.
- 4) All applicable IDs and proof of legal age are on file at
- 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

Turn page upside down to factor score.



page, and get cracking! PHOTOGRAPHY career. Flip to the next cerning eye necessary for a GLAMOUR WAY TO GO, DUDE! You've got the dis-



#### GLAMOUR PHOTO PRECEPT 2: EXPLOIT EXOTIC SETTINGS

Caribbean reefs, Baja beachfronts, Manhattan penthouses, European villas, all are matter-of-course destinations for the GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY pro and his bevy of pliable nubiles. And then there are the extra-special getaway spots, privileged locations that bring out an extra side of an overexposed woman without even flipping her over: prison interiors, psychiatric wards, detox lockdowns, county morgues, shooting galleries, crack dens, massage cubicles and dog pens. The challenge of concepting and accessing offbeat locales is a reward in and of itself.



Anyone can spot an attractive woman, but it takes true talent to know what to do with her. While an uninspired craftsman might be satisfied to allow his living doll to loll in a revealing nightie on a fluffy bedspread rimmed with rose petals and lace, the inspired GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY artist reaches for a more spectacular effect. The true visionary knows that good looks alone only go so far within the bounds of good taste; he's willing to push the envelope of accepted behavior, take a risk and capture the raw, sensual luminosity of cutting-edge photos such as this.



#### GLAMOUR PHOTO PRECEPT 3: ACCESSORIZE FOR ENHANCED IMPACT

Fishnet stockings, stiletto heels, latex and lace, slave bracelets and chain-mail necklaces, corsets and saddle shoes, these are a few of the GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY careerist's favorite things. A pretty girl's sparkling highlights can always be made to shine more brightly by creative arrangements of trinkets, baubles and gift wrapping. People sit down to enjoy GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY just as they would a fancy restaurant meal; presentation is half the delectation. Some models will be more difficult to accessorize than others, but in even the most difficult cases, a common dog bowl works wonders.



## GLAMOUR PHOTO PRECEPT 4: DON'T NEGLECT THE SPHINCTERS No one wants to think they've overlooked a gold mine of

GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY possibilities, but often an illprepared lensman lacks even the slightest clue that his model
is sitting on her most valuable asset. A cute button nose, pert
pop-up nipples, a saucy, pointed tongue and a preternaturally
distended clitoris are all flash points that even the casual,
untrained observer can focus on. It takes a trained
professional to zero in on the brown-tinged bull's-eye.



#### DON'T TRUST US: BELIEVE OUR ASSOCIATES



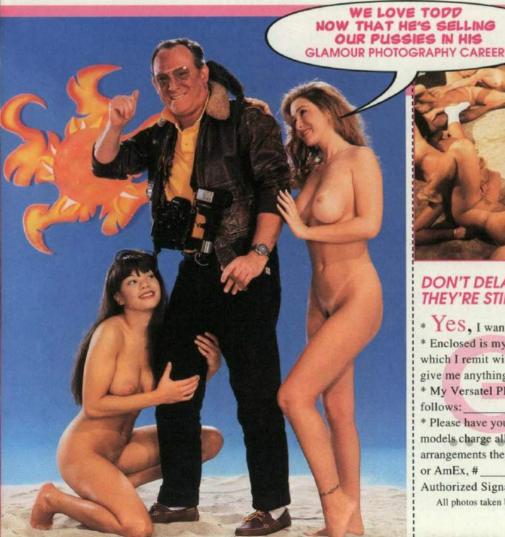
JOHNSON JACKSON was a miserable steam-table operator at a Coney Island hotdog stand, his arms elbow deep in plump, greasy wieners, sweating bullets while he stared at bikini tops, until his rehab counselor signed him up for the GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY INSTITUTE Course in Miracles. "I've only been here at the Institute for two weeks, and already I know how to style my hair in a skeevy ponytail," testifies an all new Jackson.



ZEV THOMAS never knew how sweet life could be until he enrolled at the GLAM-OUR PHOTOGRAPHY INSTITUTE. Thanks to our postgraduate job-placement program, Zev now has gainful employment as a candid voyeur specialist, working in conjunction with a recently established, but moderately reputable, divorce investigations firm. "Everything I am," proclaims Thomas, "I owe to my friends at the Institute."



CARLTON CHESTON has been a GLAM-OUR PHOTOGRAPHY INSTITUTE instructor for more than 16 years. Over the past decade and a half, Cheston's puerilely evocative camera art has appeared in many magazines similar to Penthouse, Playboy and any High Society publication. "But my greatest feeling of accomplishment," swears Cheston on a stack of beavers, "is passing the torch to a new generation of GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY artisans."





#### DON'T DELAY: SNAP THESE GIRLS WHILE THEY'RE STILL NAKED

- \* Yes, I want a GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY career.
- \* Enclosed is my cash donation of several hundred dollars, which I remit with full knowledge that no one is obliged to give me anything in return.
- \* My Versatel PIN number and account access codes are as
- \* Please have your GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY INSTITUTE models charge all the meals, clothing, jewelry and travel arrangements they could possibly desire on my Mastercard, Visa or AmEx, #

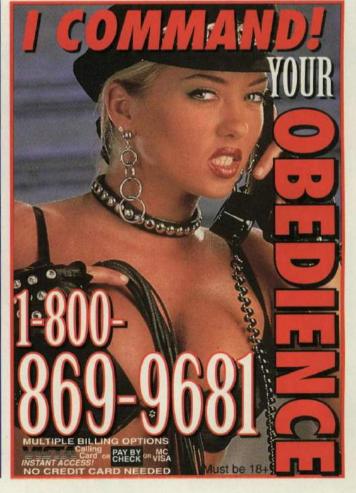
Authorized Signature:

All photos taken by GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY INSTITUTE alumni.









### LETTERS

(continued from page 31)

Straddling his chest, I cupped my hands under my bazooms and brought them closer to his face.

"Please don't tell the doctor," I requested, inserting a pink nipple into his blowhole.

Mr. Simon closed his eyes blissfully, and his tongue made ecstatic circles around my stiff nip. The intense concentration on this tiny, isolated part of my body was excruciating. All of my blood seemed to flow in a network of rivers to that nipple, leaving the rest of my body hypersensitive to the slightest touch, like a hunk of skin caught in a zipper. My slit, pressed against the hard cast, throbbed insistently.

While Mr. Simon continued to focus on his allotted patch of flesh, I shifted my concentration to my needy nook. Undulating my hips, I brushed my clit against the shell encasing his body. Tiny waves quivered over my pussy mound, telling me orgasm was inches away, but with my legs splayed as they were, I couldn't get the right angle to reach it. I jerked harder against the cast, and the rough plaster tore through my stockings and scraped my clitty. That seemed to do the trick. Soon I was rocking wildly, conscious of only the shining, elusive pea between my cunt lips.

"Urghhhh!"

Mr. Simon's moan of dismay broke my momentum. My nipple had popped out of his mouth. His curled tongue poked out, urgently punching the air. This gave me an idea.

I scooted up his prone body and squatted over his mouth hole. His tongue flailed wildly at my swollen button.

"You don't have a bus to catch, do you, Mr. Simon?" I admonished.

Getting the picture, he slowed down, gently licking and jabbing at my engorged niblet. As I swayed my hips rhythmically, his strokes grew longer and longer, until finally, with a monumental effort, he pushed his tongue as far as it would go and jammed it in and out of my slippery hole. Here was the perfect man, I thought hazily as his tongue thoroughly swabbed my pussy walls. If all men were in body casts, they would have no choice but to orally stimulate us for hours on end.

But before I could ride his tongue to the finish line, I heard a strangled gurgle. Terrified that in my oblivious state I had clogged Mr. Simon's airholes with my bush, I leaped off. He was still breathing, but he stared feverishly at the area between his legs. "Nuhhhhhhhh!" he snorted in agony.

I realized that he must have a raging boner being painfully pressed down by the hard shell. This was my fault, and even if it meant my job, my patient had to come first, in more ways than one.

Grabbing a pair of scissors, I cracked the plaster around his crotch with the handle and carefully snipped away a small opening—Mr. Simon squealing in terror the whole time—and pulled his pulsing cock to freedom. I speedily tore a larger hole in the crotch of my hose and speared my twat on his tool. Fiercely gripping his rod with my muff muscles, I slammed my body up and down until I

felt a telltale rumbling in his dick. I jumped off and, catching his squishy splooge in my hands just in time, rubbed it all over the open area of his cast and put the cut-off piece back in place. I knew from experience that the jizz would hold like Krazy Glue, and no one would be the wiser.

That close call taught me a valuable lesson. From now on, I'm sticking to doctors and candy stripers.

—A. P.

Garfield, New Jersey

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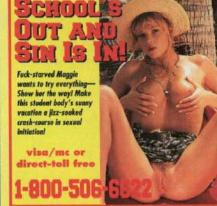
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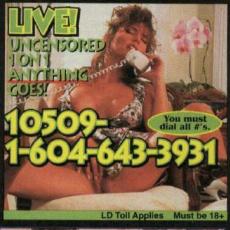
WIVES Real women who don't get enough dick at home want to suck and fuck you all night!

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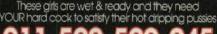












cock & drink cum! 10509-1-5,14-851-1689





## Nympho Nurses

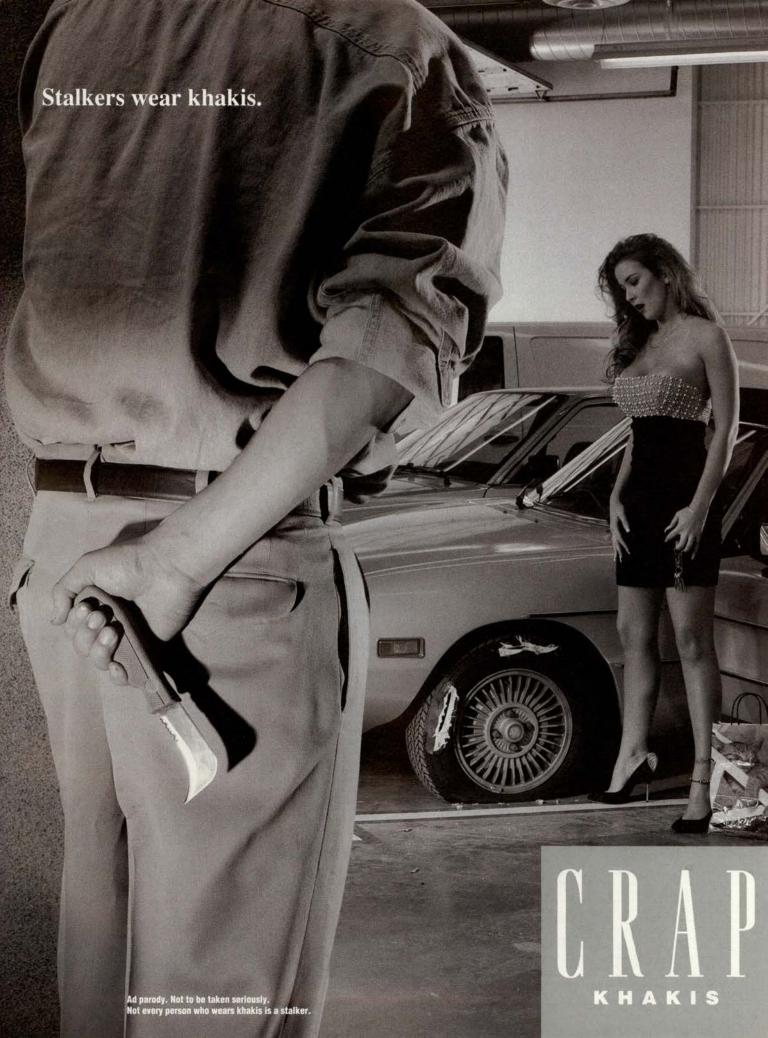
Pull back our sterile white uniforms and spread our garter-belted legs, then





foreign fox for something totally DIFFERENT!







#### FOR THE READER'S OF HUSTLER MAGAZINE

#### **AVAILABLE WOMEN**

Hi my name is Stacy and I love to play with myself while I talk on the phone. Call me and tell me your most intimate fantasy in total sexy detail. I want you to imagine that I'm with you and my mouth replaces your hand. I do all the right things with my lips. I want you to tell me what you wish you could do with me as I moan and pant in your ear. I'm a married woman who stays up real late and loves to talk dirty on the phone. Let me know how good you can be on the phone so we can get real hot later. Box #1657

Wish to serve a true dominant? My strong curvy body and long legs will mesmerize you. You will be my personal plaything. Call to serve me now. I'm Mia. Box #0238

Hi my name is Angela and I have long blonde hair, big tits and a tight hot ass. I love to have it Greek as well as French. I love a man who is well endowed with a big magical wand for me to play with. I want to run my tongue over your entire body. Let's make love in my private den. I'll turn on the red lights so we can get hot hot and we'll turn each other on all night long. Call me. Box #6524

My name is Anna and I'm looking for an Italian Stallion, if not than a tall dark, good looking man that is hard and thick and loves to talk. So, give me a call, I'd love to hear you. Box #5818

My name is Cindy. I have long black hair. I would like someone to play with my big breasts and I'll play with his big banana and cherries. I'd love to rub whipped cream all over him. Mmm, bye for now. Box #5841

My name is Tammy. The only other thing that excites me more than leather is having a hot man strip it off my body. I am blonde 26, 130 lbs, 40D chest and a very hot bottom. I would love to serve a deserving master. Box #0422

Hello, I'm Kyle. Single woman, hot and very sexy looking for a man strong and tall so we can enjoy each other. I'm 5'3, 120 lbs, black hair shoulder length, brown eyes, 38B.27.37, dark tan. I like scuba diving naked, dancing all night and making love to a strong man afterwards. If you're that man, call me. Box #0156

Hello my name is Jeanette. I am French and I do it extremely well. I am seeking men, women and couples who desire oral gratification. I am 5'9, 128 lbs, black hair, blue eyes and have an incredibly gifted tongue. I will start at your toes and take you to the moon. I enjoy doing all the work. Leave a message and I will get back to you as soon as I can. Box #1166

I'm a hot southern belle who cooks up saucy and spicy desserts not only in the kitchen but in the bedroom as well. Sundaes are my favorites. You bring the heavy cream and the nuts and I'll bring the sweet ripe cherries. Call me now for some sweet sticky stuff. Box #0165

Hi my name is naughty Nora. I'm real hot. I'm 5'7, I have long strawberry blonde hair passed my waist, sexy green eyes. I am a 38DDD. My measurements are 38,29,34. I'm real wild, anything goes. I'd like to do whatever it takes to make our hot and sexy evening fantastic for both of us. Call me baby for a wild passionate evening of uninhibited lust. I'll be waiting to hear from you. Box #4340

Hi, I'm MaryJane and I just moved here from Georgia. I'm a Georgia peach. What I need is some big hot sexy man to take a bite out of me. Rest assured you'll receive some good old Southern hospitality in return. Call me Box #6834

Hot, hungry, intoxicating, horny, sensuous blonde bombshell, exotic dancer from Las Vegas wants a man who is open minded sensuous and a thrill seeker. If you're into high heels and toes and you're a serious foot worshipper, then I want you. Also into menage-a-trois, Bi's and T.V's are you? Call me. Serious replies only. Box #1438

Hi my name is Linda. I'm 5'7, 38D chest, 25 inch waist and 35 inch hips. I may look sweet and innocent but I assure you I am not. I love to dress up in the sexiest clothes and just go wild. I just love to dance, it's the perfect excuse to show off my body, twisting and shaking all over the dance floor. I need a man with good stamina to keep up with me both on the dance floor and off. Box #2906

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Hi I'm Mindy. I just got out of college where I was a cheerleader. I still work out to keep in shape but I'm tired of fooling around with jocks my own age. I need an older sexy man with lots of stamina and drive. I'll give you the workout of your life, I promise, call me. Box #2795

Hi ,my name is Suzy. I have long blonde hair and big blue eyes. My measurements are 38C,26,36. I want to be naked with you in my private Jacuzzi. I want to feel your body all over mine. Come be my special lover. Box #1495

Hi, I'm Whitney. I'm very sexy. I have nice beautiful breasts and a juicy plump bottom, legs that never end. I always get what I want and right now I want to talk to you. I am so hot and wet why don't you give me a call. Don't be shy just pick up the phone and call and let's have fun. Box #0652

My name is Janice. I'm 24 years old, 5'3 with blonde hair and green eyes. I'm extremely sexual and I'm looking for somebody who is attractive between the ages of 20 and 30 who would like to experience new things with me and take me to new heights. I might even consider a menage-a-trois. If you are looking for some fun, please leave a message in my box and I'll call you. Box #0782

Hi my name is Dana, I'm 5'5. I have blonde hair and blue eyes, I'm looking for a loaded pistol. So, if you're out there, give me a call on my box. Box #0822

My name is Marlene. I'm a 30 year old black woman. I'm built like a brick shit-house, 40C,24,37. I'm looking for a man with a sweet tooth because I'm dark chocolate and oh so sweet. If you like candy give me a call and leave me a number where you can be reached. See you later for some fun times. Box #3418

Hi my name is Lena and I'm looking for someone to share my hot body with. I'm 5'9, thin and my breasts are a perfect 36C. I love to play games and I am extremely obedient. If you like a woman who knows what it means to be hot, sweet, nasty and can put me in my place, call me, you won't be disappointed. Box #2948

Hi, my name is Alexandra. I'm looking for a single male, late 40's. I'm 57, long black hair, green eyes with large breasts. I am an exotic dancer who loves to please men. I need a man to tame my wild ways. Box #1792

Hi, my name is Desire. I enjoy wonderful moments around the fireplace as well as building a fire in the bedroom. I enjoy walks on the beach and a lot of water sports, if you know what I mean. So, if you enjoy getting wet, I mean really wet, then leave me a message. Box #1799

Hi my name is Rhonda and I love to work out. Nothing excites me more then pumping iron in the gym and watching the guys stare at my hard tan body. Oh yes, it makes me so hot and wet and just thinking about it makes me squirm. Give me a call and I will tell you about some hot, steamy times in the gym and maybe we can have an experience we'll never forget! Box #4764

Hi, I'm 19 years old and I'm looking for someone to have oral sex with my boyfriend so I can watch and possibly join in. If you're interested, please call we're waiting to find out. Box #9148

Wanted - by a very hot babe, men and women who love to party and have fun. I'm 28, 5'9, 150 lbs, red hair, blue eyes and stacked to please. I'm into everything except pain. If you have the mind and body to handle a challenge like me, then it's time for that personal interview with the woman of the year. Box #1808

Hi, I'm Daria. I'm tall, 125 lbs, brunette with big brown bedroom eyes and a killer figure. I love feeling sexy and dressing in lingerie. I love camisoles, teddy's, garter belts and stockings and course merry widows. If you'd like me to dress up for you then call me and I'll describe it in detail. Box #4528

Hello my name is Gia and I'm a 23 year old Italian American with green eyes and long curly brown hair. I'm tired of being restrained. I want a man to unleash the wild animal in me. If you want to walk on the wild side, leave a phone number and I'll get back to you. Box #4600

Hi, I'd just like to say my breasts are bigger than Dolly Parton's and that's all. Call me. Box #6205

#### ANYTHING GOES

My name is Angela. I'm 20 years old. I love to be in difficult positions and to do it with two. So, if you're looking for someone to have your fantasy with, just give me a ring. Oh, it doesn't matter if it's two men or two women or both at the same time, if you catch my drift. Box #3267

My name is David. I live in New Jersey. My girlfriend and I are new to the couples scene. We would like to be introduced personally. I like to watch. She has a very nice rear end, nice and round. She wants someone who could go for a long time. Leave your name and number in our box, preferably a man, attractive singles, Caucasian or black. Box #3203

Hi, my name is Bill. I'm 27 years old, I'm 6'1 and weigh about 195 lbs. I've got blonde hair and brown eyes. I'm looking for a dominant female for an S&M relationship. I'm inexperienced at it and willing to try anything. You can leave me a message. Box #1085

Hello, my name is Jason. I'm a white male, 5'10, 165 lbs, blonde curly hair and I'm into all kinds of wild sexual games that can be played and I enjoy women, men(well equipped) and couples. I have a girlfriend that may want to join in. Leave a message in my box and I will return your call ASAP. I aim to please all and everybody. Box #2405

This is Ray. I love to share a woman with other men in three-somes, foursomes and more. I love to watch her in action and photograph, join in and especially make love to her afterwards. Would be interested in a possible long term relationship with right girl and possible marriage. I especially love making love to her after she's been with one or more men. It's a real turn on to me and I'd like to find a girl who enjoys being shared as much as I enjoy sharing her. Box #3345

Hi, my name is Ron. I'm 6'1, blonde hair, green eyes and I weigh 185 and I have an extremely thick and long banana. I'm into toys and videos and I'm looking for someone who is of interest. I like phone sex and I am bi. So, anyone who wants to talk about erotic conversation, leave a message in my box. Thank you and have a nice day. Box #9435

Hello my name is Steve. My girlfriend's name is Kim. We are looking for a well endowed black male or a couple or 2 to 3 well hung black males for a personal party with my girlfriend. She's very oral. I am very oral and very open. Please leave a message and we will get back to you. Box #9712

My name is Jason. My wife and I are looking for couples or bi sexual women. I'm straight, my wife is bi sexual. Just to go out and have a good time, do things together, get to know one another and lead to other things. If you're a bi sexual woman, leave your number. If you're a couple, do the same and maybe we can hook up and have a good time. Box #7401

I'm looking for singles and couples interested in French and Greek. Leave your name and number and your preferences in my box. I'm 5'9, 192 lbs, well endowed, brown hair, black eyes, black hair. Box #7031



Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

## A STRAIGHT-MALE PLAGUE:

#### THE UNTOLD SCOURGE OF THE HEPATITIS B VIRUS

by David Feller

When he hit on voluptuous 21-year-old Nancy in a Las Vegas, Nevada, singles bar, 33-year-old postal worker Arthur thought it was his lucky night. Shapely and eager to tumble, Nancy returned every one of Arthur's pick-up moves with aplomb. After a boozy but memorable ball at Arthur's studio apartment, the accommodating young Asian woman graciously split early next morning, no strings attached.

At the bar, Nancy had complained of some health problems—something to do with her liver. Arthur didn't give it much thought. A few months later—when his reflection in the mirror took on the yellowish shade of his tobaccostained teeth—he visited his health-care professional. "Fulminant hepatitis," diagnosed the HMO doctor, after antibody tests of Arthur's blood revealed the viral infection known as hepatitis B, or HBV. Most likely mode of transter? Sex. In Taiwan, where Nancy was born, more than one in every ten people is an HBV carrier.

In cases of fulminant hepatitis, the liver fails to adequately process bodily toxins. Nasty chemicals such as ammonia leak into the bloodstream. Arthur soon lost his coordination. His thinking became disoriented, his stomach filled with fluid, and his balls shrank—"testicular atrophy" in medical jargon. Six weeks later, he collapsed into a coma and died.

Overshadowed by AIDS in health news, cases of hepatitis B—a viral ailment 100 times as infectious as AIDS and just as deadly when left untreated—have shot up 50% in America in the past year. Although the Centers for Disease Control (CDC)

doesn't classify HBV (the virus that causes

hepatitis B) as an epidemic, 300,000 new HBV cases per year occur in America. According to the CDC, 75% of newly HBV-infected cases are sexually active persons between the ages of 15 and 39. Statistics also indicate that straight men are at least 50% more likely than females to contract the disabling and potentially fatal disease.

Until three decades ago, hepatitis B was unknown. In 1963, while analyzing human blood for genetic markers, Dr. Baruch Blumberg of the Fox Chase Cancer Center in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, discovered blood protein commonalities between a New York hemophiliac and an Australian aborigine. This mystery protein was dubbed the "Au antigen," named after its Australian progenitor.

The Fox Chase research team did not realize the protein was anything other than human until one of their blood donors, who had tested negative for the presence of the compound, later tested positive—an indication that he "caught" the virus. After growing ill and screening her own blood, Fox Chase researcher Dr. Barbara Werner again detected the new protein, which proved to be the coating of the hepatitis B virus. She became the first person diagnosed for HBV infection by blood test. The year was 1966. In only 30 years the number of HBV carriers now residing in the United States has almost reached 1.5 million. The worldwide figure for HBV infection is a staggering 300 million.

According to a study published by the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, the two most commonly found factors associated with an increased risk of HBV infection in heterosexual men and women are multiple sexual partners and a previous history of sexually transmitted disease. Current statistics give the typical American male slightly better than one chance in 250 that the pink scored on Saturday night is HBV-infected.

Sex that is purchased is a prime transmitter of the hepatitis virus. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* cites a 1987 CDC survey of women 18 years of age or older who had exchanged sexual services for money at least once since 1978. Seventy-three percent of study participants in New Jersey and Los Angeles tested positive for HBV. Nationwide, 53% of hookers revealed HBV infection. The prevalence of HBV among the female prostitutes was five times higher than that of HIV, the virus that causes AIDS. Anal intercourse is a pivotal factor. A history of anal intercourse with paying partners was associated with an increased risk of acquiring hepatitis infection in all prostitutes surveyed.

Biologically, viruses are a great success—infecting every known type of life on the planet. Considered "quasi-living" by scientists, they inhabit a netherworld between living and nonliving. Consisting of as few as ten genes enveloped in a protein skin and possessing no means of self-locomotion, the organisms drift—driven by outside forces. Viruses reproduce inside living

(continued on page 57)



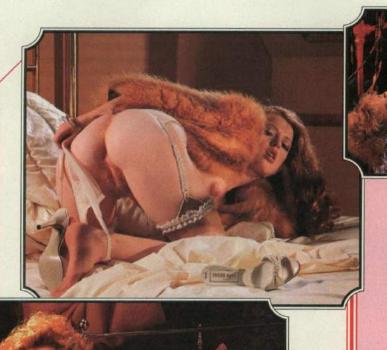


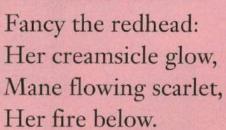
# Redheads

A HUSTLER Tribute to the Fair Sex's Fairest and Most Fine.

Poetry by S. Harris







Enchantingly supple, Smooth as cool sin, Those suckable contours, That dairy-kissed skin.

Bask in the redhead: Her nourishing heat, Volcanic one instant, The next one, so sweet.





A rosebud in silk, A dream-nymph made flesh, A smattering of freckles, Impossibly fresh.

Savor the redhead, Bathed in wet light: Pink candy nipples, Butt glowing white.

As rare as an orchid,
As beautiful too—
The redhead is magic;
She's sex through and through.













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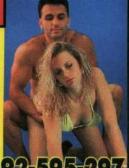
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(continued from page 51) cells and in no other place. Upon invading the cells of a host entity, the genes of the viral usurper commandeer the cell's metabolic apparatus, instructing it to breed thousands of mutated cells. Unlike other parasites, a virus does not draw nourishment from its host. Being just a simple collection of chemicals, it

doesn't need any nourishment. Concerned only with multiplying their own kind, viral invaders in many cases completely destroy the cells they infect. If the cell is part of a large, multicellular organism, like man, the loss of a single cell may be unimportant and unnoticed as far as the parent organism is concerned. Nevertheless, with the death of each infected cell, hundreds of virus particles may be released, every one of which invades a fresh cell, unleashing hundreds more—leading to sickness, and sometimes to death.

Fortunately, in 90% to 95% of infected adults, the hepatitis B virus is defeated by the immune system, rendering the individual immune to the ailment for life. But five to ten percent remain so-called silent carriers. There are currently 1.25 million infectious HVB carriers in the United States. Of these silent carriers, 25% will develop chronic active hepatitis and fall victim to fatal liver disorders—the organ in which HBV settles—and may never manifest recognizable symptoms. Left untreated, hepatitis B threatens a slow death sentence.

However, according to some researchers, 30% of HBV infections have no known explanation. Among carriers, the virus exists in high concentrations in semen, and in lower concentrations in vaginal fluid. A condom is useful protection. But there is no defense against the unknown modes of transfer. Studies show that casual, intimate contact with an infected person may transmit the virus. According to Dr. Richard Duma of the National Foundation for Infectious Diseases (NFID), 25% to 30% of those who merely share a household with a carrier eventually catch the disease.

"Despite how carefully we study HBV cases, we don't know how all of its carriers contracted the virus," says Dr. Duma. "People have acquired HBV from contact with dried blood; so we know it's much more hardy than HIV."

While many experts, including CDC epidemiologists, decline to speculate about "mystery" cases, Dr. John Gerin, a viral researcher at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., guesses that skin breaks—including invisible ones—account for most of the unidentified sources of hepatitis B infection.

A more recent discovery was quite startling. Hepatitis B attracts a separate virus called delta—also known as hepatitis D—that utilizes the outside protein shell of the HBV organism in order to survive. Together the infective agents make a deadly combination. A carrier coinfected with HBV and hepatitis D is much more likely to develop fatal, fulminant hepatitis than is a person infected with hepatitis B alone. Hepatitis D piggybacks on the rising rates of HBV transmission.

"Delta underscores the viral dangers inherent in modern lifestyles," claims its discoverer, Georgetown University's Dr. John Gerin. "The expanded, medical use of blood products, intravenous drug use, rapid travel, communication between populations that had not been in contact before, urbanization—all of these developments help spread emerging viruses."

Gerin has noticed a "unique pattern" of illness in South America—along with Asia, Africa and parts of Eastern Europe, one of the global hot spots for HBV transmission. "Most South American cases are coinfections, where a person contracts both hepatitis B and delta concurrently, and it progresses rapidly to a fulminant disease, often leading to death. Coinfected persons who fall prey to fulminant hepatitis are unlikely to see better than a 20% survival rate, even with optimum medical treatment. Those who do survive will be chronic delta carriers for

life. The disease will most probably progress to cirrhosis of the liver."

But HBV, unlike AIDS, can be prevented by a vaccine. Certain blood cells in the human immune system, called T-cells, "remember" a foreign substance in the bloodstream upon a first encounter and thereafter mobilize a quick attack in subsequent meetings. Customarily, vaccines give T-cells the genetic pattern needed to remember a virus, either by releasing into the bloodstream a killed virus, or a live virus that has been made unable to cause disease.

Although used successfully against such viral ailments as smallpox, preventive-inoculation campaigns for HBV have proved unsuccessful.

"Past attempts to immunize high-risk groups for HBV failed because the majority of sexually active people are closeted in the general population," reports Dr. Richard Duma. "High-risk individuals could not be singled out to ensure full compliance.

"I don't think doctors realize how quickly HBV is spreading, or appreciate that it's now contracted most commonly by heterosexual sexual activity," warns Duma. "The traditional training for many physicians has been that only IV-drug users are at risk for HBV."

Currently, less than one percent of the 28 million sexually active young people in America have been vaccinated. Sexually active, hetero(continued on page 128)



"Hello? Who is this? Do you know what time it is?"





### Servicing Your Slot

The first rule of female upkeep is tuck her with verve and regularity. Explains Malthus, "If she goes too long without being properly snaked, she becomes an untenable bitch."

Jeremy doesn't know what the fuck is wrong with his old lady. Up until now, she's been totally cool, which is why Jeremy has her as his old lady, but things change. At the moment, she's nagging, whining and finding fault with him. Her uncoolness is blowing Jeremy's trip. He tries to clear her bogus shit from his mind, but he can't even bring himself to pay attention to Jill, the chick he's boning on the side. Exasperated, he even calls his old lady from Jill's house to say good night, but it doesn't do any good. He hangs up the phone.

"Jeremy?" queries Jill, feeling a little silly with her tits all unattended and hanging out in the cold. "Did I do some-

thing wrong?"

"No," Jeremy moans, unable to raise his gaze from his shoelaces. "It's my old lady. She's got a problem."

Actually, Jeremy's got the problem. If he doesn't fix things up with his old lady soon, some other guy will.

Women are like cars in many ways, none of which do a man any good unless the female and the vehicle are both properly maintained. In the words of Honest Fred the Talking Head (who has supported six wives and their attendant spawn through commissions he has earned pitching used autos on late-night TV): "Check her oil, keep water in her radiator, rotate her tires and spend some time poking around under the hood, so to speak, and a woman's tendency to false start, break down, misshift or stall in heavy traffic is greatly reduced. Simply follow the maintenance schedule as outlined in the manufacturer's handbook."

Talking Fred misses one point: The difference between a new broad and a new car is that females have never come equipped with an owner's manual. At least not until this printing.

"Keeping a woman functioning properly takes less work than the Sunday driver might assume," promises Talking Fred. "Just keep an eye on her appropriate gauges and idiot lights, then take the indicated action, which is usually minimal provided it's not put off too long. She'll run along relatively smoothly without any need for a major overhaul until she's ready to be traded in for something new. If she's a classic, she can conceivably be kept indefinitely, al-

though it's advisable to garage her during harsh weather." Honest Fred shares a few final words of wisdom before retiring to wax his current wife: "Get a backup ride for the rough road. Try to save the keeper for freeway miles."

The first rule of female upkeep, according to genetic engineer Tom Malthus, is fuck her with verve and regularity. "The female," explains Malthus, "is akin to the male in that her design and function are wholly centered upon her genitals. If her gonadal plumbing clogs, her anxieties, fears and suspicions build up, seeping through her bloodstream into every fiber of her being. If she goes too long without being properly snaked, she becomes an untenable bitch.

"In contrast, a woman whose core juices are consistently and vigorously stirred and kept flowing will glow with the joy of her man. She is rejuvenated and refreshed by both the remembrance and the anticipation of his salacious and salubrious touch. The contractions of her orgasms flush out her complaints and pettiness. Her cheeks are apple-shiny orbs of contentment; at least they are for an hour or so after servicing."

Screwing your chick is like putting gas in your V8, Honest Fred might say. Petroleum alone only gets you so far.

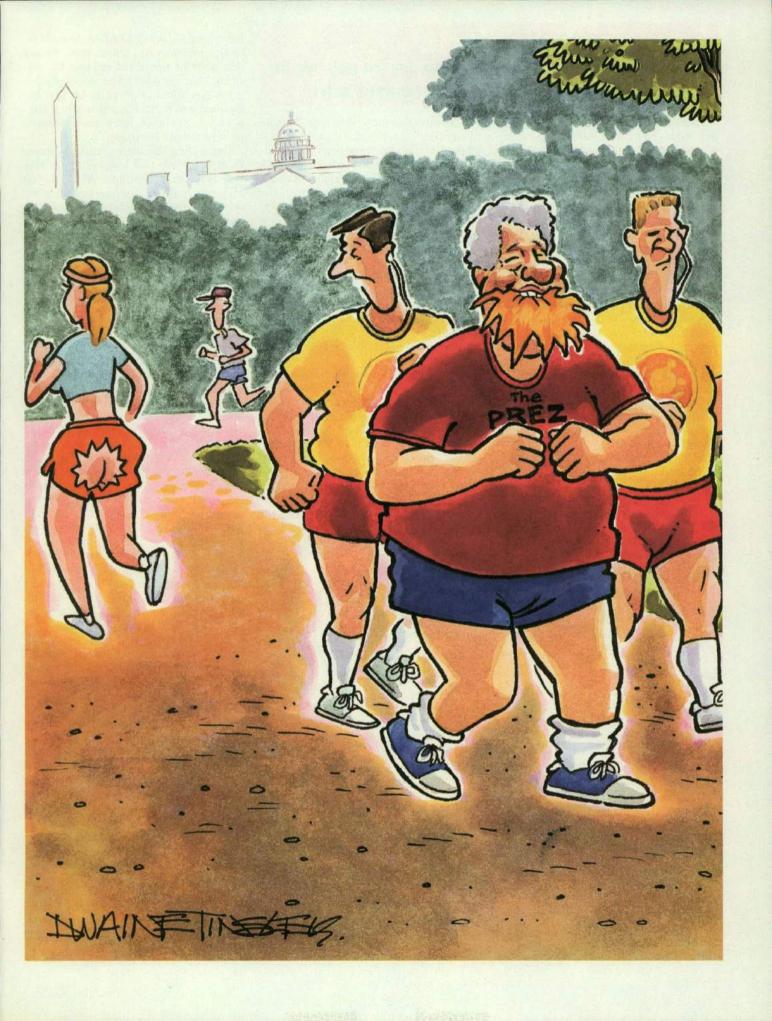
It's true that a man will get unrelenting grief from his old lady unless he hoses her at established intervals, but sex alone is not enough to assure ease of handling and ping-free acceleration. Malthus, who is often hired as a mediator on industrial cases of gender-dynamic breakdown, agrees.

"A woman is a complex construct," Malthus explains. "She is an aggregate of several interworking systems. If she goes flat in one area—say in the self-esteem department or in the incredibly intricate gearbox that is her concept of desirability—the strain will inhibit functioning of the mechanism as a whole."

The functioning female mechanism, at its healthiest and most robust, presents a problem in and of itself. Though exceptions and aberrations exist, women as a breed want marriage. Every relationship a female has with a man-be he her brother, her professor or the slob who roots out her garbage disposal-is a trial run for the connubial condition. A level-headed, clear-eyed person might contend that the mass of allurements, pleasantries, sweetnesses, soft spots and ceaseless, fixated cunning that makes up any one woman is combined solely for the purpose of securing a husband. Such a statement will be contested only by fools, and women.



"Yes! Eleven and a half inches!"



## Servicing Your Slot

"All women inherit three common characteristics. One: They have needs. Two: They have wants. Three: They have an inability to distinguish between one and two."

Johnson P. Eugenica is a social scientist employed by the Grand Corporation, a government-subsidized, privately run research company that conducts tests and investigations upon subjects too delicate to be linked directly to official, U.S.-funded laboratories. In his study of planned routes of contagion for an induced-epidemic contingency to quell domestic upheaval, Eugenica has tracked the mating patterns of more than 25,000 single, sexually active women. If any heterosexual male can be regarded as an objective, informed expert on women, that straight dick is Eugenica.

"A man who returns for a third date with any particular woman," calculates Eugenica, "is entering an implicit agreement with that woman to serve as her surrogate husband, though he generally has no realization that he is entering into any such arrangement, and she will vehemently deny that any such conditions have been imposed."

Eugenica's advice for males who dare to venture into fourth-date territory and beyond: "Be careful."

"Maintaining ongoing sexual access to

a woman raises more than one delicate dilemma," warns Malthus. "A fair amount of finesse is required in repeatedly fleet-footing through a woman's bedroom without (a) wearing out one's welcome or (b) getting roped into the numb-nut half-life that women fondly, cloyingly and perpetually refer to as a relationship (known in its most debilitating form as matrimony). To keep a woman's legs open and her mouth shut about a 'deepening commitment' is like walking a tightrope with the threat of a gaping, hairy, soul-engulfing maw licking its lips below."

Malthus's suggested ballast for the regular-fuck balancing act is heavily psychological.

"After years of dissecting their DNA and putting it back together, I've determined that all women inherit three common characteristics. One: They have needs. Two: They have wants. Three: They have an inability to distinguish between one and two.

"Successful, prolonged, unencumbered carnal covenant with the ensnaring gender depends upon the male operator giving her the illusion that all her wants are being fulfilled. Simultaneously, the man in control must ensure that none of her needs are met by anything that he does. She must always know, on some intuitive level, that her habitual bed partner is ultimately a temporary, superficial, facile fuck, no matter how deeply satisfying."

Separating the target female's wants from her needs and keeping things that way is an art, according to Malthus. "To reign unscathed, the cocksman must wield the psychological insight of Sigmund Freud, the deft touch of a neurosurgeon, the lightning reflexes of a fighter pilot and the sense of purpose of Mean Joe Green."

Though agreeing in principle, Honest Fred believes that setting up and maintaining a solid screw isn't quite so intricate as Malthus makes it out to be. "If a woman's getting torqued by a Mr. Goodwrench, she tends to want to settle down and take his name from him, along with his outside drilling rights. Once motor muff hits on the idea of getting hitched, she won't give the guy an easy moment until the deal's done.

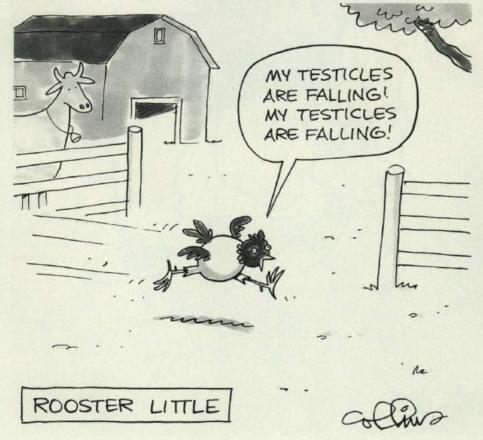
"Domestication has happened to me time and again. Trussed up in a tuxedo, with my pecker rubbed raw, I'd return to consciousness in front of an altar or a justice of the peace. I'd only wanted to lease, not to buy. Finally, I found my golden rule, and I give it away for free: Keep 'em happy, but don't keep 'em too happy."

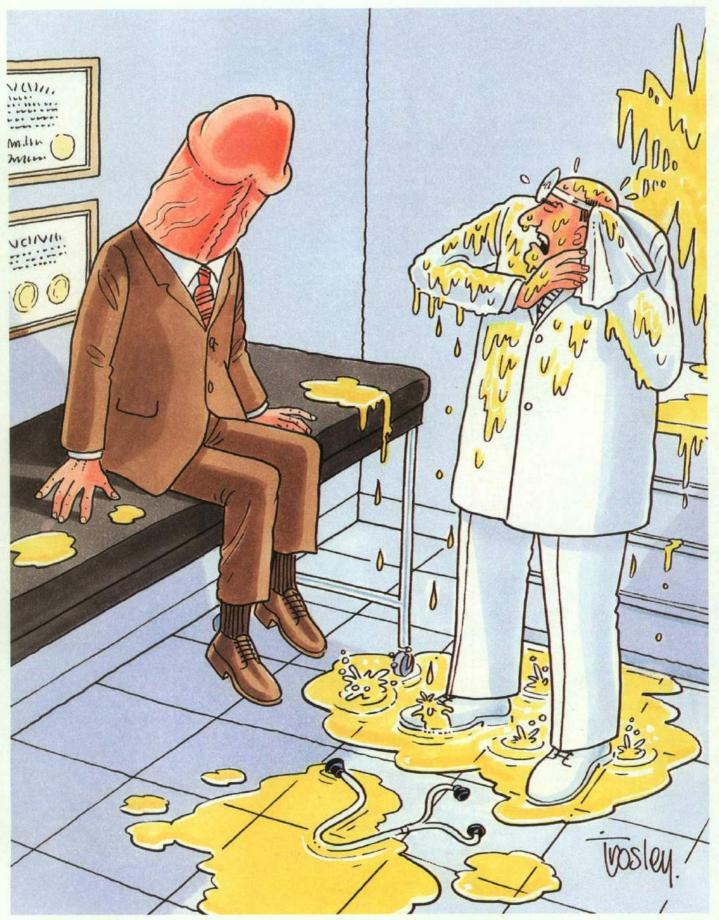
Guys will talk until they turn blue in the balls about women, but they don't have to. Any man who simply follows the five basic maxims of female maintenance will be deep enough in pussy for the rest of his life that never again will he be compelled to sit around bullshitting about phantom snatch.

MAXIM ONE: Make Her Feel Attractive. Akin to Malthus's first rule of female upkeep (fuck her with verve and regularity), Maxim One plays upon a woman's notion of her own desirability, the paramount notion of her life. If I am not presented with constant evidence that every man who meets me wants to stick his dick into me, reasons the enlightened female, then I will presume that I am essentially useless, and I will mope and whine and bum out everyone within my vicinity. It's hard to argue with her logic, and arguing with her never seems to help anyway.

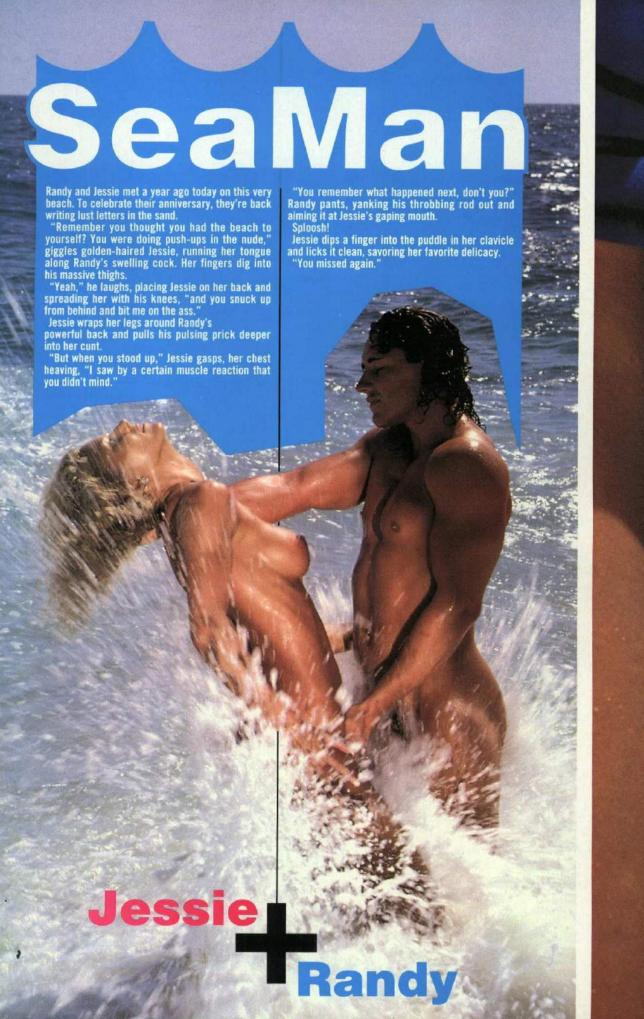
A woman's fragile ego needs the support of knowing that she remains a torrid hump in the eyes of a guy who has already had her three or four times in each hole. The female's awareness that her

(continued on page 74)



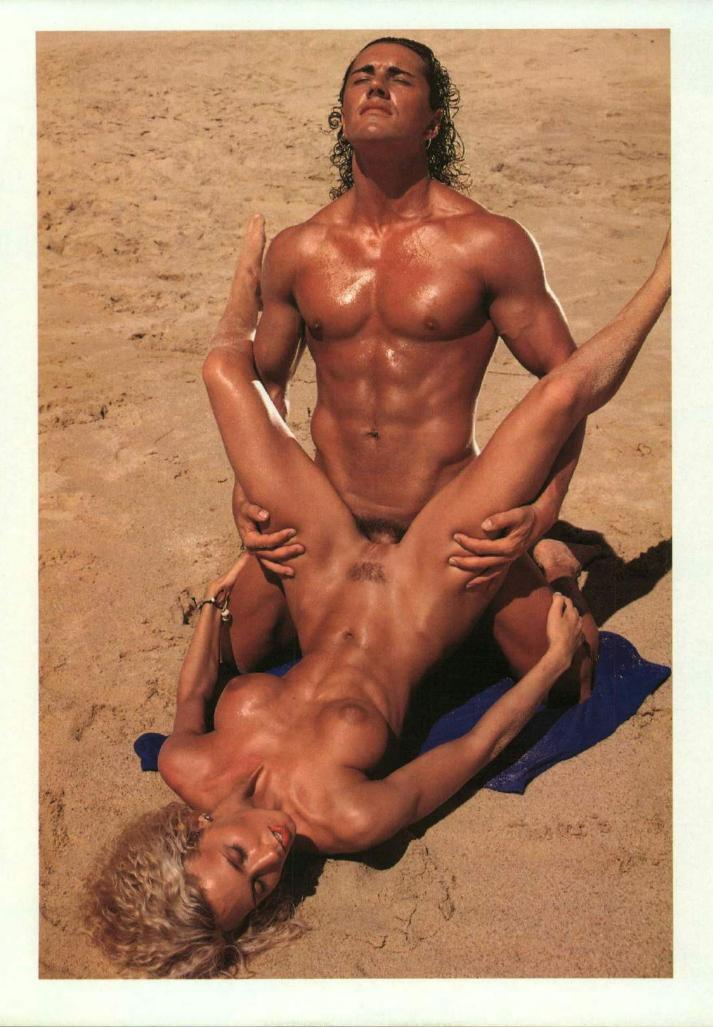


"Please, Mr. Zeigler... I can't help you if you keep urinating on me!"









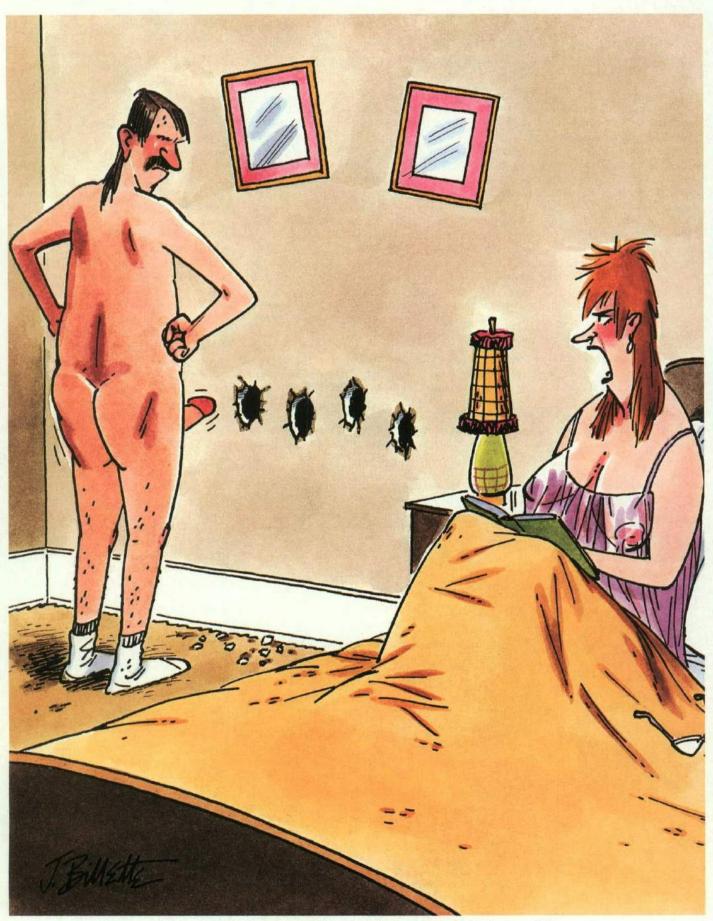












"Okay, I get it! You're horny! You don't have to punch holes in the wall!"

## Servicing Your Slot

(continued from page 62)

A woman's fragile ego needs the support of knowing that she remains a torrid hump in the eyes of a guy who has already had her three or four times in each hole.

first-time appeal has endured need not be based on fact, but an illusion of freshness must be established if her jockey intends to pump her again next week.

"This is not to put down the girls I bang," protests Tommy Hungler, a cable-installation veteran who has dangled as many as seven women on his string simultaneously and is currently wired for three. "My women are stacked, pretty, clean, pleasant, intelligent, buff-butt broads who have their own jobs. I'd never fuck anyone who needed a bag over her head. Still," Hungler admits, "I almost get tired of them, and they hate that. Sometimes, when I'm throwing a wad into one of my regulars, and I want to disguise that telltale rhythm of staleness that can ruin a perfectly functional fuckhole, I close my eyes and pretend she's someone else. That works okay in the dark, or from the doggy position, but it doesn't work forever.'

Woman is a creature of romance, and if she is to remain happily lubed below the waist, her fantasies must be fed, particularly the dreamy version of reality that passes for her self-appraisal. Eventually, it will become necessary to cheat

on her in order to revitalize your interest in her. This drastic step is a tall order, but a man such as Hungler cares about his woman enough to go through with it.

MAXIM TWO: Make Her Feel Valued. Women are hung up on esteem, especially the esteem of whoever is sliding his dick into her snatch these days. No broad wants to think she rates as nothing more than a convenient chamber pot for some bastard's excess dollops of semen. Women need to believe that they are valued. Money speaks volumes in this regard. The best way to let a woman know that her company is worth more than the basic exchange of sexual commodities is to spend fluently, almost as if she were a hooker.

Don't be manifestly cheap, and be sure to get top dollar in return, cautions Ethan Asia, an investment counselor equally adept at hiding the salami and concealing net worth. "Maybe it's because they go shopping so much," theorizes Asia, "but women evaluate every exchange they have with a male as if it were taking place in front of a cash register. Their minds are constantly tallying and weighing payments received against

services rendered. I don't want to give the impression that I think women are all whores. A guy on the make won't get far giving them that impression either. The impression he wants to give is that a hefty portion of his discretionary income is disposed upon the woman he's investing his time in.

"It should go without saying," gainsays Asia, "that only a fool ever lets a woman know how much money he's really got. She's looking for a certain percentage of his net pay every week to drop her way. Any expenses the couple incur over that amount, she's willing to kick in from her own funds. Underreporting, in this respect, often reaps greater dividends

than overstating assets."

MAXIM THREE: Make Her Feel Appreciated. Sex isn't the only thing a girl is good for. With patient guidance and direction, women can become quite adept at cleaning up a guy's apartment, picking up his laundry, taking his dog to the vet, mending his socks or even cooking him something to eat. Women are naturally predisposed to serve the man. But be careful—even the most compliant doormat of a woman has standards and does not want to feel taken for granted or exploited.

A simple thank you, delivered with sincere eye contact and a quick smile of gratitude for a thankless task well done, goes a long way toward getting her to perform some chore even more onerous next time.

MAXIM FOUR: Make Her Feel Interesting. They talk in bed, they talk in the shower, they talk at breakfast, and it's not enough that they are heard. Women must be listened to. Chatterbox assaults her dick of the moment with every quarter-thought that flits through her head. Pretending to be raptly fascinated by her stream of gibberish may grant blabber-lips' wish to be thought of as lively and engaging, but lending only half an ear can endanger the man in her life. Remember, she takes everything she says very seriously. Sooner or later, she is liable to ponder aloud, as if talking of her cat or of her therapist, "I think it would be good if I were to try and get pregnant."

Woe to the man who is not paying full attention.

MAXIM FIVE: Help Her With Her Car. Broads always need help with minor mechanical fidgeting. "The way to a woman's heart is through her carburetor," chimes in Honest Fred the Talking Head. "I should know."

Jeremy should have known too. All his old lady wanted was for him to check the pressure in her tires. She's got a new handyman blowing air up her now.



"I can't believe you went to all the trouble to prepare something like sushi!"





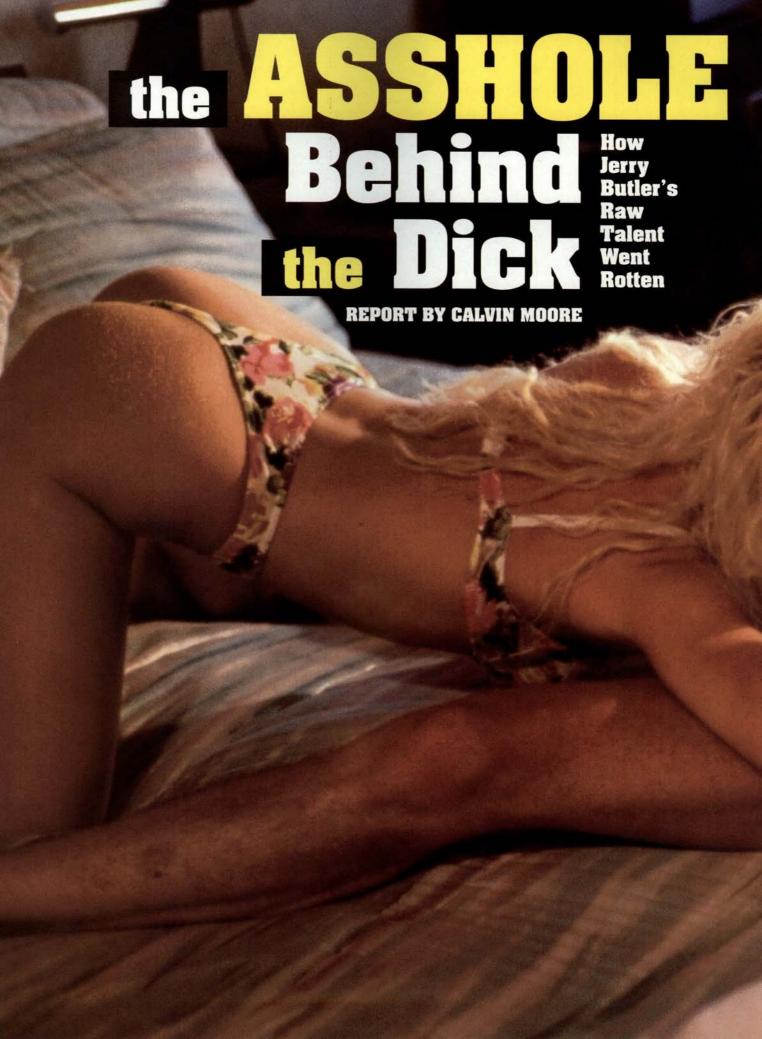














## Jerry Butler

Raw Talent, a semi-autobiographical, semen-encrusted look into Butler's beginnings in porn, features a Butler "acting" highlight: the fucking of a Thanksgiving turkey carcass.

"When you make a dirty dollar, you spend it fast."

—Jerry Butler

Gone to fat, the boyish good looks that rocketed Jerry Butler to jizz-flick superstardom have soured. The blond, barrelchested wad-dispenser is past his prime. Eyes that once burned with resolve in the face of the most limp-making copulations are now glassy and vacant. Nevertheless, the camera rolls. A bony skank points at the halfhearted bulge in Jerry's tight chinos.

"Is that a dick or a sweat sock," the slot-for-hire monotones, apparently unaware that the line was written as a question.

The actor stirs. "Why don't you pull it out and find out?" he wheezes. The bulimic bimbo obliges. Before her outstretched tongue can resuscitate the lifeless worm, however, Jerry flinches. "Lemme sit down first," he mumbles. "I like to sit on my ass while I get a blowjob."

Later, amid mounting the bony brunette on all fours, Jerry's sodden eyes flare with a sudden blaze of selfawareness. Attempting to voice his position, he only sounds confused.

"What am I? Fuckin' Felix Unger?" he mutters, dribbling watery seed on the flummoxed ginch's pasty, anorexic ass. (Firm, Midnight Video, 1993)

Jerry Butler was born Paul Siederman in Brooklyn, New York, on Friday the 13th of May, 1959. After the fledgling thespian attended classes at the Barbizon School of Acting, various gay theatrical agents promoted him to stage work and a few walk-ons for the TV soap opera One Life to Live. The future dickslinger chose his professional nom de plume after hearing '50s crooner Jerry Butler on the radio. "Luckily," says the former Siederman, "Doris Day wasn't singing, because then I might have done gay porn instead."

"Audiences can't help but like Jerry Butler," praises X-Rated Videotape Guide author Robert H. Rimmer. "In his many adult-film appearances, Jerry acts as well as or better than many of his 'legitimate' Hollywood peers."

1984's Raw Talent, a semi-autobiographical, semen-encrusted on-video look into Butler's beginnings in porn,

features a Butler "acting" highlight: the fucking of a Thanksgiving turkey carcass. Inspired by Jerry's cinematic excess, Rimmer and co-author Catherine Tavel approached the porn-flick actor to put together a tell-all account of his artistic growth. The moneymaking angle was that the spew between the hardback covers of Raw Talent (Prometheus, 1989) would be just as salacious as the volume's blue-movie namesake. Unfortunately for Jerry's associates in the adult-entertainment industry, the porn prince didn't fuck on the page as much as he fucked people over.

Sweating, sallow Jerry tugs his pecker. A sapphic salt-and-pepper rubdown unfolds for his viewing pleasure. As a tiny-breasted bottle-blonde zealously tweaks two Nubian nips stretched to their breaking point with silicone, the Black Pearl behind the implants snuffles up to her girlfriend's yellow muff.

"Jesus Christ," wails Jerry. "It's like watching two parked cars with tits!" He rear-ends the deep-sea-diving homegirl in a frantic attempt to keep the viewers' fingers off the fast-forward button.

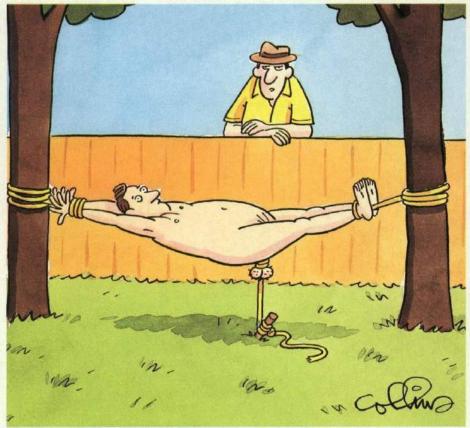
"Shit, honey, if I was a chick, I'd let you fuck me," he moans. (Firm, Midnight Video, 1993)

As recalled by the author in Raw Talent, the baby Butler, barely able to walk, "beat off about 15 times a day-no exaggeration." Butler's toddling dick pricked up every time he heard the Gilligan's Island theme, due to a Tina Louise fixation, an attraction well-known to armies of blueballed young couch potatoes. But who among them would find arousal in Jerry's erotically charged remembrance of Bobo the Clown?

"Bobo was a punching-bag toy with a red nose that squeaked when you popped him one," Jerry gushes sentimentally. "I used to turn him over and fuck the hell out of him."

The future book scribe found his first taste of fame in a queer off-Broadway play. Every night and twice a day on weekends, the But-man greeted paying audiences with spread cheeks, enduring a simulated ass-fisting at the hands of six centurion brutes in ancient Rome. Lest literary admirers get the wrong idea, Butler's macho Brooklyn yob rears up in Raw Talent to declare a heterosexual orientation as solid as an all-star NFL defense line. He admits he broke down and sucked a dick or two, but that doesn't make him a homo. And so what if he likes having a hair-brush handle stuck up his ass?

Perhaps because the author is too close to the source, Jerry's Raw Talent (continued on page 94)

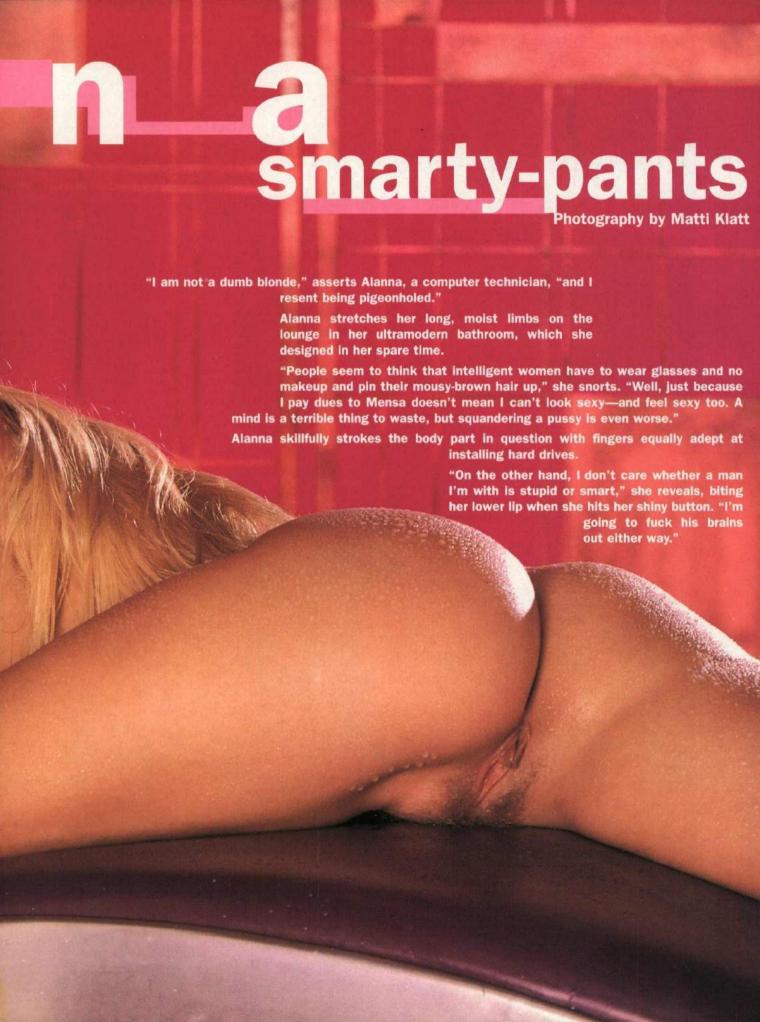


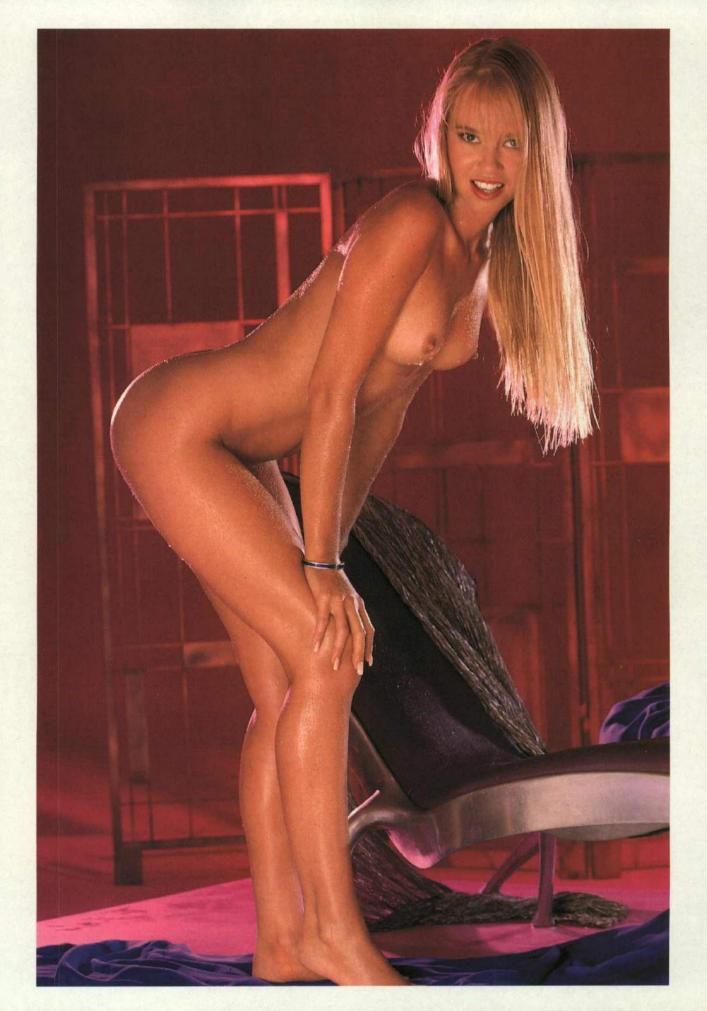
"Trouble with the wife, Hank?"



"Here ya go, friend-you look as if you may need an attorney!"





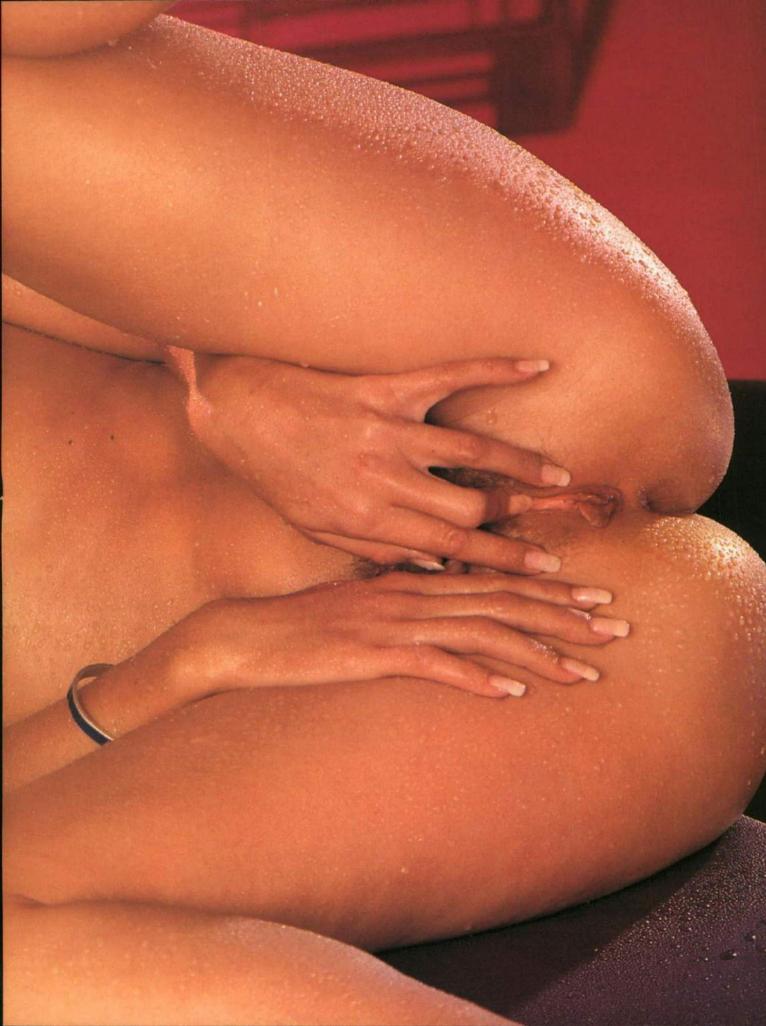












## Jerry Butler

(continued from page 84)

"Jerry Butler is a very mean person who wrote a book and scandalized all his friends for a buck," says Ron Jeremy, who withstands one of Jerry's more sustained drubbings.

assessment of his own sexuality fails to match in clarity his savage take on fellow jizz-biz luminaries. "Many times, I've climaxed pretending I was a woman, trying to feel what a woman might feel," the author confides confusedly. Riding his hobbyhorse as a threeyear-old, Jerry recalls feeling the bottom half of him was Dale Evans and the top half was Roy Rogers.

During an "acting" encounter with a transsexual porn star named Shannon, "a gorgeous woman who looked like Angie Dickinson, only prettier," Jerry strains to find middle ground. "Shannon used to be a guy," he relates. "We did an orgy scene where she was supposed to give me head. I got so turned on that I had to fuck her. She wouldn't let me. Her 'vagina' couldn't wet itself." Through the greasy graces of KY Jelly, Jerry pokes her anyway, but he's quick to add, "I was having ups and downs with my erection because I couldn't forget that she'd been a man." (Momma's Boy, Vidco Entertainment, 1984)

Jerry is portraying "Pat St. Jackoff," host of The Mating Game. As three male cracks. "If my hand had tits, I'd fuck it!"

Stock driller Jon Dough, furiously plowing Selena's vaginal crop, attempts to ignore Butler's "acting." When St. Jackoff finally distracts him by making sheep sounds, Dough shoots Butler a withering glare. Nervously, St. Jackoff's squirrely eyes dart around the room. Peeking out of his on-screen character, Butler bites his nails. "Hey, guys," he chuckles, "sit on her face." Elbow-deep in Selena's slit, the beefcake trio ignores him.

Louder and with attempted authority. Jerry barks, "Sit on her face! Let her suck your ass!" The only response is a symphony of slurping and squishing from the bangee's ever-widening fuckholes.

Fed up, Jerry tears off his clothes and pushes past Dough and company. Within seconds, Selena's oxygen supply is cut off by Butler's gamy ass crack.

"I love gettin' my ass sucked," he

contestants take turns prying open Selena Steele's precious orifice purse strings, St. Jackoff keeps up a steady patter of mindless ramblings. "You look like Donny Osmond with a mastectomy!" he

coos at the camera. Selena blows a playful raspberry into Butler's bowels.

"How can you ask such a question? Of course they're completely natural!"

Backside aquiver, the host finally regains his composure. "What happened?" he gibes happily. "I feel like Oprah with gas!"

Steele makes like the Little Dutch Boy, plugging Butler's derriere dike with a few well-aimed (and manicured) digits. "Don't stick too many fingers up there!" Jerry beefs, uncomfortable at the anal intrusion. "You'll see what I had for dinner!" Making no other attempt to dissuade Steele's finger exploration, Butler wiggles his ass up and down interminably. Finally he stands and offers Dough his seat. As Selena licks her lips in anticipation of a new beau's bottom, Jerry reassures Dough: "If your dick gets hard, don't worry. It doesn't mean you're gay!" (Gang Bang Girl Volume 7. Anabolic Video, 1992)

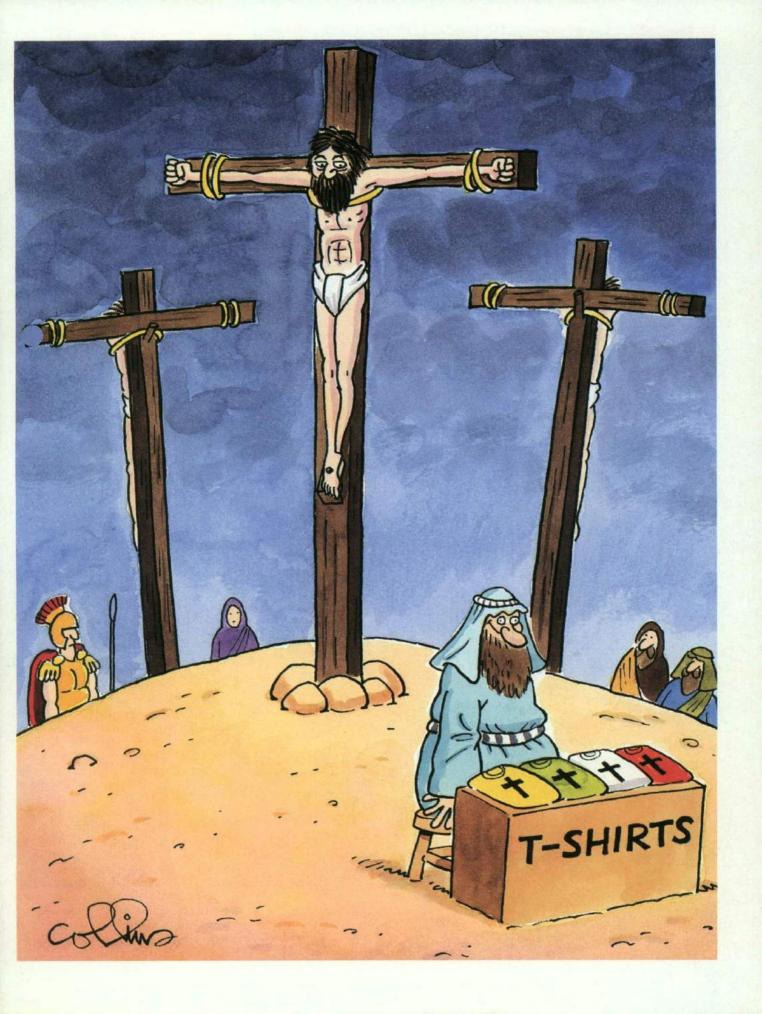
Nearly every superstar of the onefisted cinema whom Butler deigns to parade for the Raw Talent reader receives a brutal personal attack, including, whenever applicable, a description of the most spectacular display of poor hygiene that the author can recollect. Jerry likens cunnilingus with porn star Lois Ayers to "exploring an unclean birdcage with your tongue." Avers is said to deliver a mid-rug-munch "lump of curdled cream" to Butler's nauseated palate.

To quash likely charges of authorly cruelty, Jerry interrupts the flow of character assassination to reassure his readers that he is a sensitive guy, albeit one who remarks, "Angel Kelly has the smelliest pussy in the business and looks like Sammy Davis Jr. in drag." By his own account, sympathetic Jerry never failed to "reach out" to the "poor, frightened children" trapped within the grown-ups who make thousands of dollars playing with each other's genitals.

"Jerry Butler is a very, very mean person who wrote a book and scandalized all his friends for a buck," says Ron Jeremy, who withstands one of Jerry's more sustained drubbings. Jerry recalls for literary posterity once jerking off on Jeremy's leg and "pissing all over his hairy back" in a post-shoot shower.

"Ron uses his porn position as a credit card," writes Butler. "I really feel lousy about being in the business when I see him hound women to the point of making them cry. I feel sorry for Ron. He has a lot to learn about himself and women.'

Raw Talent book editor Catherine Tavel defends Butler. "Raw Talent is Jerry's version of the truth, and truth is relative. Jerry stands behind the book. I think in Raw Talent he was most harsh on himself. When you write about sneaking out to the garage and wearing your



Jerry Butler

Says Raw Talent book editor Catherine Tavel, "When you write about sneaking out to the garage and wearing your wife's panties while you snort cocaine, that's pretty harsh."

wife's panties while you snort cocaine, that's pretty harsh."

Taking the rear in a DP scene, Jerry frowns at the puckish browneye that mocks him with impenetrability. The salmon canal mere centimeters away bounces easily on a veiny pot-sticker. As Little Jerry softens, the slackened Trojan falls off, and the man behind the meat slumps dejectedly.

"Fuckin' A!" he howls, fiddling with the slippery scumbag before launching into one of his trademark non sequiturs. "It's like trying to fit ten pounds of meat in a five-pound bag! I'm not fuckin' William Shatner!" (Manwiched, Vidco

Entertainment, 1991)

If the pre-teen Jerry had kept his hands out of his pants long enough to flip channels during Gilligan's Island, he might have stumbled across the glum countenance of the Addams family's pigtailed daughter, Wednesday. Instead, two decades later, Butler encountered overgrown moppet Lisa Loring on a porn set. Loring, having blown her Addams trust fund, was working tech on various fuck

films, a scenario full of woe for an actress who just a few years before had garnered critical praise for her role on TV soap opera As the World Turns. TV Guide described Loring's soap creation as "a sleek young vixen...capable of creating theatrical commotion with or without the cameras.'

Porn king Jerry Butler impressed the former child star. In 1986, Butler and Loring tied the knot. Taking a moral stand against the business that brought them together, the newlyweds vowed to abandon the world of hired whoopee. Although an afterword printed in Raw Talent reveals that Jerry broke down and starred in one more skin flick after his marriage, as far as the book is concerned, "The Story of the Adult Industry's Most Popular Male Star" ends happily ever after-safely outside the adult-entertainment industry.

"Actually, Jerry made at least a dozen films that didn't get listed in the afterword, because the book had already gone to press," admits Raw Talent book editor Robert Rimmer. "I don't think Lisa was supposed to know about that."

In September 1990, Lisa Loring was

THINGS TO DO TODAY: 1. FINISH PAPERWORK ON THE VEGTER DEAL Z. SUCK UP TO THE BOSS 3. DO BANKING 4. RENT PORNO MOVIES ... 5. GET WHACKED OFF !! TWAINE INSTER

admitted to St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, California, for an alleged drug overdose.

"Lisa was blowing hundreds of dollars a day on heroin and had spent \$100,000 on drugs in the past year," revealed the Star. The news source? Jerry Butler, who sold out his wife for a fee.

Butler's and Loring's fortunes quickly spiraled downward. In October 1991, a restraining order arrived from Loring's ex-husband Doug Stevenson, proscribing that Loring keep a mandatory hundred yards away from their daughter Marianne. The affidavit characterized Loring as "a heroin addict who also uses cocaine and other drugs."

Desperate for cash but essentially blacklisted by the porn industry as a traitor, Jerry found work only in the kind of bottom-of-the-barrel productions he belittled in his salad days. Fellow Jerrys Garfinkle (of Arrow Films) and Dawson (of A. F. V. Releasing) were the only film producers willing to tolerate the volatile antics of the coked-up has-been. In one memorable instance of rock-bottom delirium, Jerry ate a co-star's pussy while humming the Addams Family theme on camera.

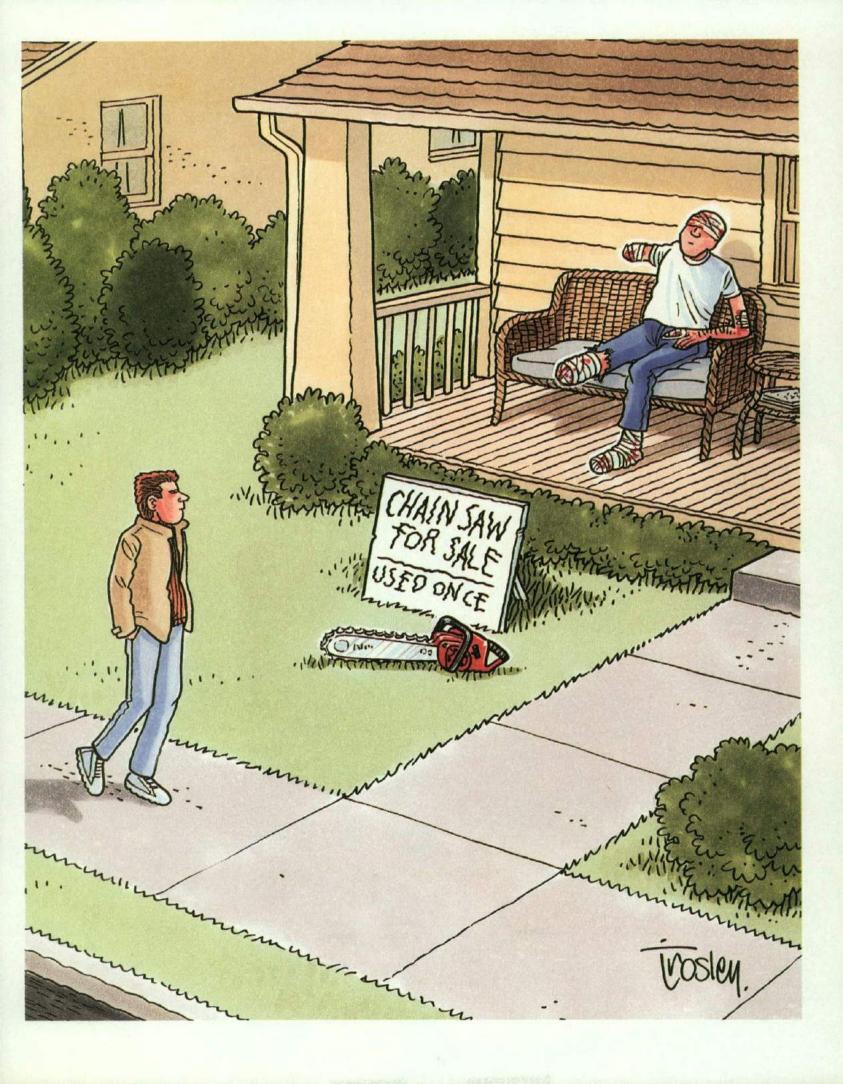
Meanwhile, Loring found a kindred spirit in Hollywood brat Kelly Van Dyke. Kelly's dad was Dick's less successful brother, Jerry, who is currently co-starring in the TV sitcom Coach. Her marriage to Jack Nance, star of director David Lynch's Eraserhead, wasn't working out. Preoccupied with his own career concerns, Nance wasn't around enough to notice his blushing bride's X-rated moonlighting escapades. Between jumping out of cakes at parties, stripping, bondage sessions and shtupping in sleazy hard-core vids, Kelly's alter ego, "Nancee Kellie," had recently wrapped a porn shoot with the famous Jerry Butler. One night, when a few rowdy studs wouldn't break up their bachelor party at Kelly's apartment, Butler was the man Kelly called for help.

Arriving at Kelly's pad with Loring in tow, pumped to kick some fratboy ass, Jerry ended up knocking his wife around. On Loring's behalf, Kelly reported spousal abuse to the Los Angeles Police Department. Although Loring didn't press charges, the cops tossed Butler in a jail

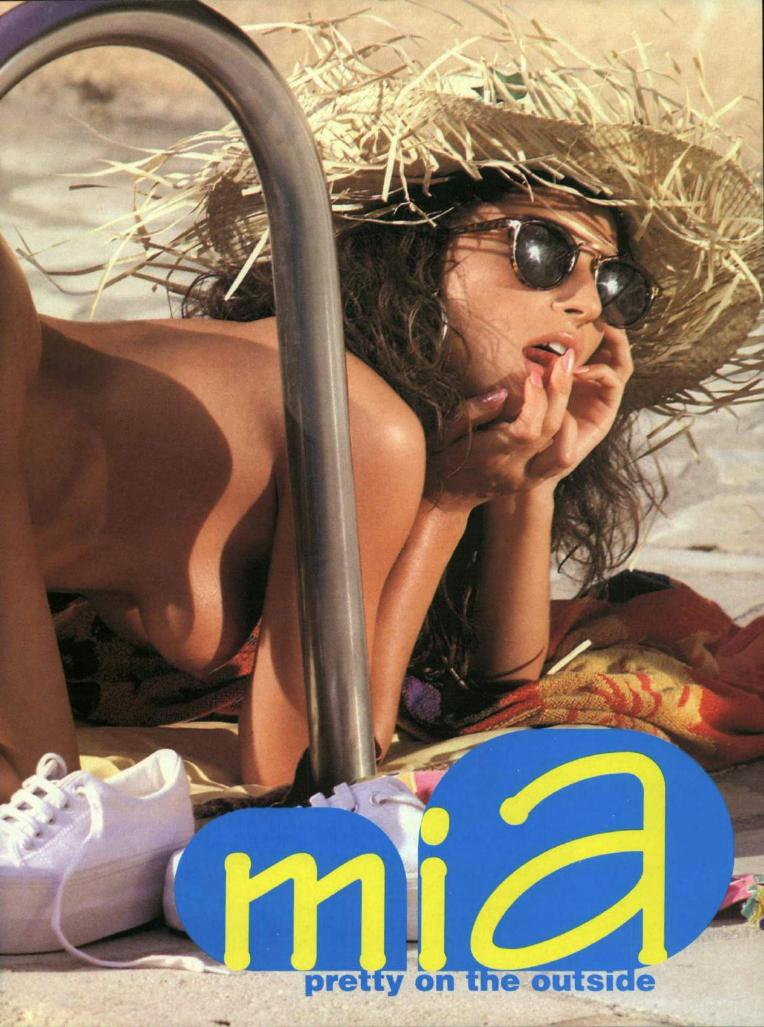
cell for three days' surveillance.

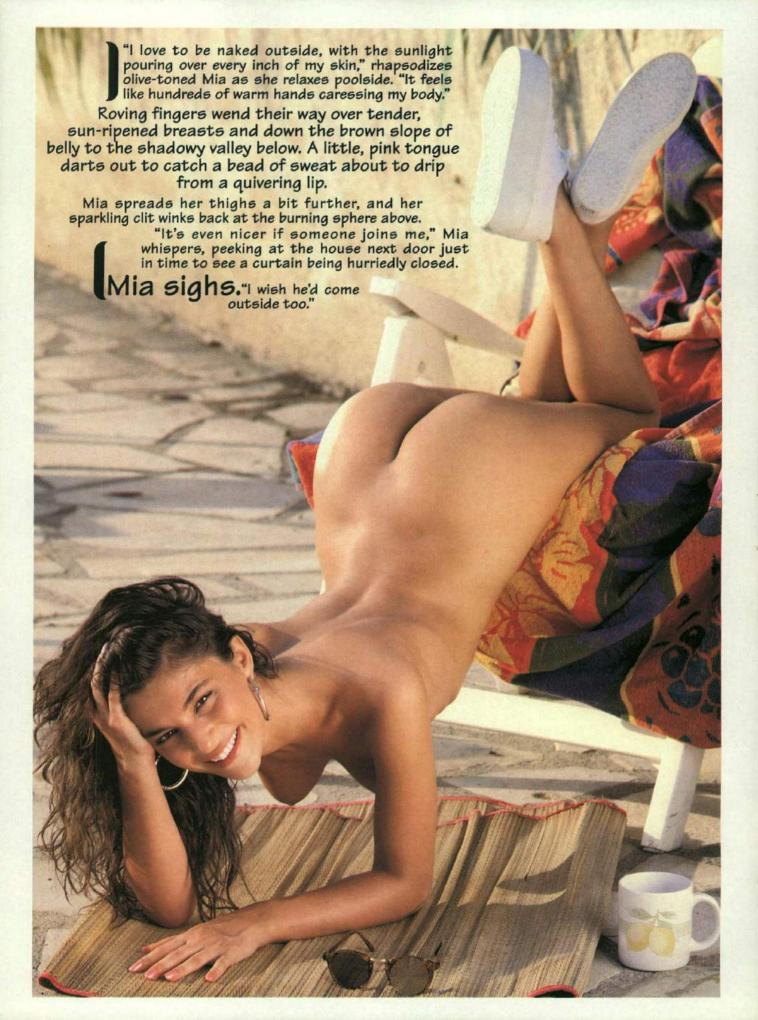
With Jerry locked away, Lisa hung out at Kelly's. She listened in when Jack Nance phoned from a film set in central California. As the newlyweds' bickering grew hysterical-culminating in Nance's demand for an immediate divorce—Lisa ran out for "tranquilizers" to calm her distressed friend. When she returned, Kelly, dressed in a brief white T-shirt

(continued on page 148)





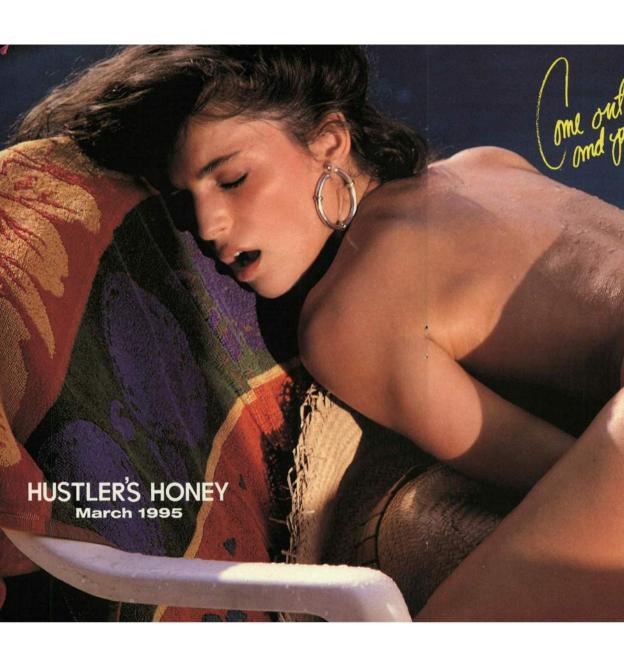


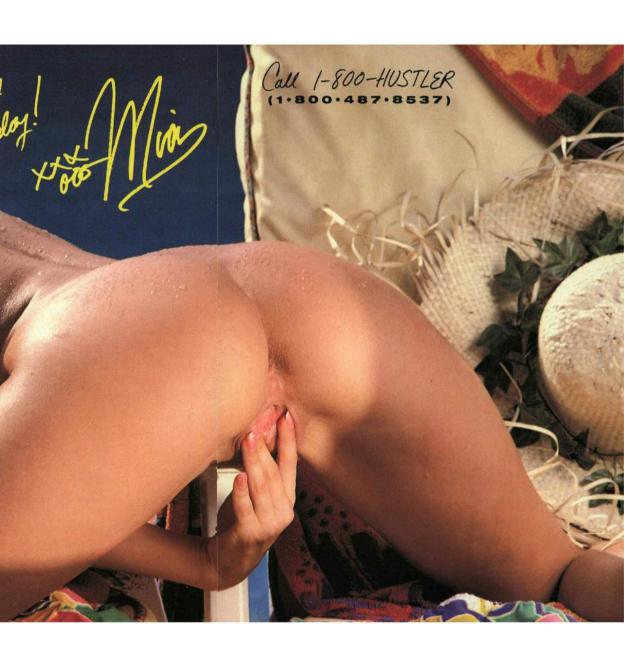








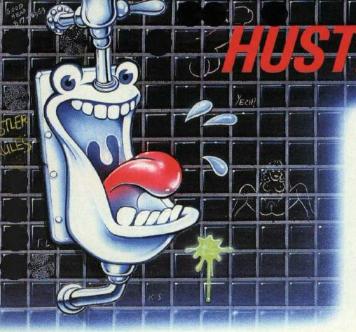








Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker



Strolling along the boardwalk one afternoon, Leonard came upon a beautiful, young quadriplegic weeping in her wheelchair.

"Why are you crying?" he asked her.

"Because I've never been kissed," she answered.

"Well, we can fix that," Leonard decreed, and then he did just that.

The kiss made the crippled girl cry harder.

"What's wrong now?" Leonard inquired.

"I've never been fucked," she sobbed.

"No problem," Leonard smiled. He gently lifted the woman from the confines of her chair, carried her to the end of the pier, and threw her into the water. "Now you're fucked," he announced.

Question: What did the priest do when he saw Jesus Christ coming?

Answer: He tried to look busy.

Gay boys Bill and Rex anxiously hopped in the shower together. A moment later, the phone rang.

"Oh, foo!" Bill lamented. "I have to go answer that, but don't you dare start without me!"

After taking the call, Bill returned to see the wall behind his dreamboat splattered with sperm.

"Bad girl!" he cried. "I told you to wait!"

"Don't worry," Rex cooed. "I just farted!"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines ICBM as: an Eskimo turd.

man and his wife stood before the gates of Heaven.

"How did you arrive here?" Saint Peter questioned.

"We passed on because I failed to use a condom," the husband replied.

"I see," said Saint Peter. "You were victims of AIDS."

"No," the man clarified. "We're Jose and Kitty Menendez."

Sam Goldmeyer addressed those who had gathered to celebrate his 30, immensely profitable years in the construction business.

"You know," he stated, "over these past three decades, I have been responsible for dozens of this city's most successful building projects. But am I known as Sam the Builder? No.

"I have also," he continued, "donated millions of dollars to charitable causes in my lifetime. But am I known as Sam the Philanthropist? No."

A moment of pensive silence passed. Finally, Goldmeyer exploded, "But suck one little cock!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *eleven* as: a ten who likes it in the butt.

Gene and Mike, a pair of cannibals, cheerfully divvied up a corpse for dinner. "I'll start at the head," Gene suggested, "while you chow down at the feet, and I'll meet you in the middle."

This sounded fair; so they went to it. After a few minutes of frantic consuming, Gene called to his partner, "How are you doing down there?"

"I'm having a ball!" Mike responded.

"Slow down, then," Gene advised. "You're eating too fast!"

Question: Why are football fans disappointed?

Answer: If an NFL Hall of Famer had to kill his wife, it should have been Frank Gifford.

After stopping by the saloon for a drink, Jeff began picking dried fecal matter from his ass hairs and rolling it into little balls on the bar.

Roger, the drunkard next to him, noticed the brown orbs and wondered aloud what they were.

"They're smart pills," Jeff told him. "Try some."

Roger popped a handful into his mouth. "Gad!" he snarled. "They taste like shit!"

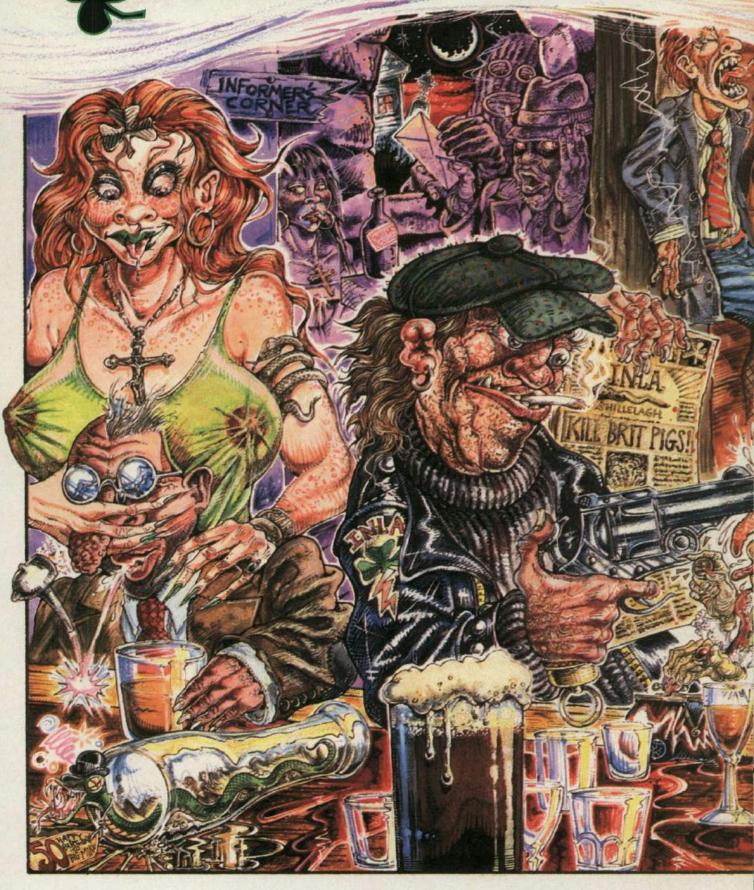
"See," Jeff shot back. "You're getting smarter already."

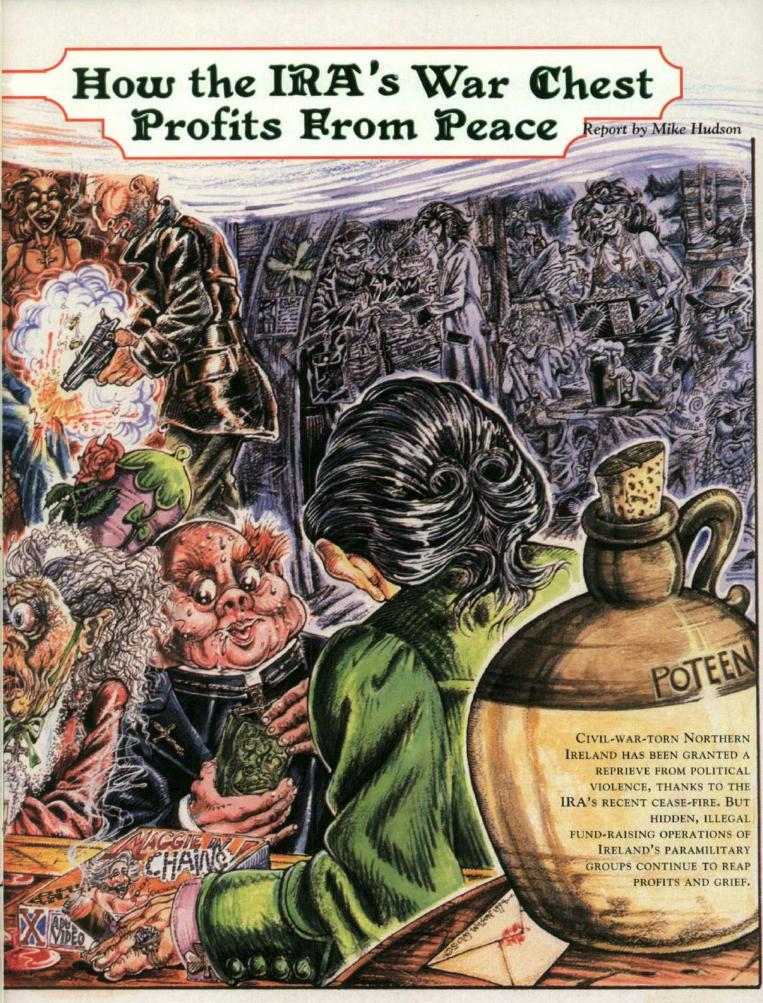
Question: Why do sumo wrestlers shave their legs?
Answer: So they won't be mistaken for lesbians.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" x 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



\*Black Irish





## Black Irish

The Provos undertook a punishment operation. One man was killed, and a dozen others kneecapped—maimed by gunshot wounds to the knees.

On August 31, 1994, 75 years after its inception, the Irish Republican Army (IRA) announced an unconditional cease-fire, effectively ending its paramilitary operations in the United Kingdom. Hailed by the global media as a momentous step toward resolving Europe's longest-running civil war, the IRA's proclamation of peace offered unprecedented hope of relief to millions of embattled British and Northern Irish citizens beset by gang-style thuggery.

Despite counterinsurgent attacks by Protestant paramilitary organizations—including the Ulster Defense Association (UDA) and the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF)—the IRA has honored its pact of nonaggression. However, some question remains as to which, if any, IRA camp has control of Northern Ireland. The "Official" IRA must contend with the Provisional IRA ("Provos"), a faction of the Catholic guerrillas that is resistant to abandoning armed conflict. An even more violent splinter group, the Irish National Liberation Army (INLA) also comes into play.

Further unresolved is the problem of the IRA's underlying racketeering oper-

ations—including extortion, drug dealing, prostitution and videocassette bootlegging.

Jack Holland is a leading expert on the various paramilitary organizations operating in Ireland today. Born and raised in West Belfast, Holland has written three acclaimed books on IRA-related operations in Ireland and currently acts as Belfast correspondent for New York's Irish Echo newspaper. Holland left Ireland on August 24, 1994, after learning of the Irish National Liberation Army's death threats against him and coauthor Henry McDonald while researching their book on the ruthless IRA offshoot, INLA: Deadly Divisions.

Holland likens Northern Ireland to the Mafia-controlled Sicily region of Italy. "Whole sections of the rural countryside remain completely outside the control of any government authority," he says. "The roots of paramilitarism run so deep that it will perpetuate itself regardless of any political solution to the troubles there."

The Provisional IRA ("Provos") are made up of Ulster Catholics committed to the use of terror tactics to force the withdrawal of British troops from Northern Ireland. They are most notorious for the assassination of Louis Mountbatten, 1st Earl Mountbatten of Burma, aboard his fishing boat in Donegal Bay, Ireland, in 1979. Before the IRA's cease-fire announcement, the Provos undertook a punishment operation aimed at curtailing drug dealing in West Belfast. One man was killed, and a dozen others *kneecapped*—maimed by gunshot wounds to the knees.

"The IRA adamantly opposes the use of drugs," reports Holland. "Drugs and drug dealing breed informants—one of any paramilitary group's major concerns."

During the IRA crackdown, a gangster named Martin "The General" Cahill was shot to death in the Irish Republic's capitol of Dublin, 100 miles south of Belfast. Cahill's crime was his involvement with certain UVF members in a multimillion-dollar drug-smuggling operation that had flooded Belfast with the psychoactive drug known as "Ecstasy." A longtime, important link in IRA fencing operations (a minor but lucrative racket that brought considerable revenue into IRA coffers), the General earned tribute in death: His assassination marked the first time in many years that the IRA, which has taken credit for innumerable slayings in Britain and Northern Ireland, publicly claimed responsibility for a killing in the Republic of Ireland itself. Cahill's murder was meant as a warning to others.

For the past 25 years, according to Holland, both the Provos and the Official IRA have funded their operations through a variety of extortion techniques. The lowest-level racket involves the compulsory purchase of the organizations' news pamphlets at Northern Ireland pubs. Bargoers who refuse to buy have reason to worry on the way home. "Requests" for "contributions" to be paid by pub owners themselves occur not only in Ulster, but in the Irish Republic and in Irish-American sections of major U.S. cities as well.

"The Provos are not the fucking Salvation Army," states the proprietor of an Irish-run New York drinking establishment in the Bronx. "When they ask for a contribution, there's a bit of menace."

In Belfast, where competition between paramilitary organizations for "donations" can be fierce, goons from the INLA have earned the reputation of being decidedly more aggressive than their IRA counterparts.

"The INLA don't care whether you have a security camera or not," reports one Catholic businessman in Ulster. "They tell you to pay up or else."

(continued on page 120)



"It's so *hot,*" whines Jennifer for the twentieth time.

"Let's get ice cream," suggests her best friend, Sandy, pointing to a familiar white truck.

They race over, only to find that the driver has gone on his lunch break. Determined to cool off, the overheated friends jimmy open the freezer and relieve it of its sweet contents—and relieve themselves of their clothing.

"Mmmm," Jennifer murmurs, settling her head in Sandy's soft lap and wrapping her lips around a rapidly melting ice pop.

"Let me taste," Sandy demands.

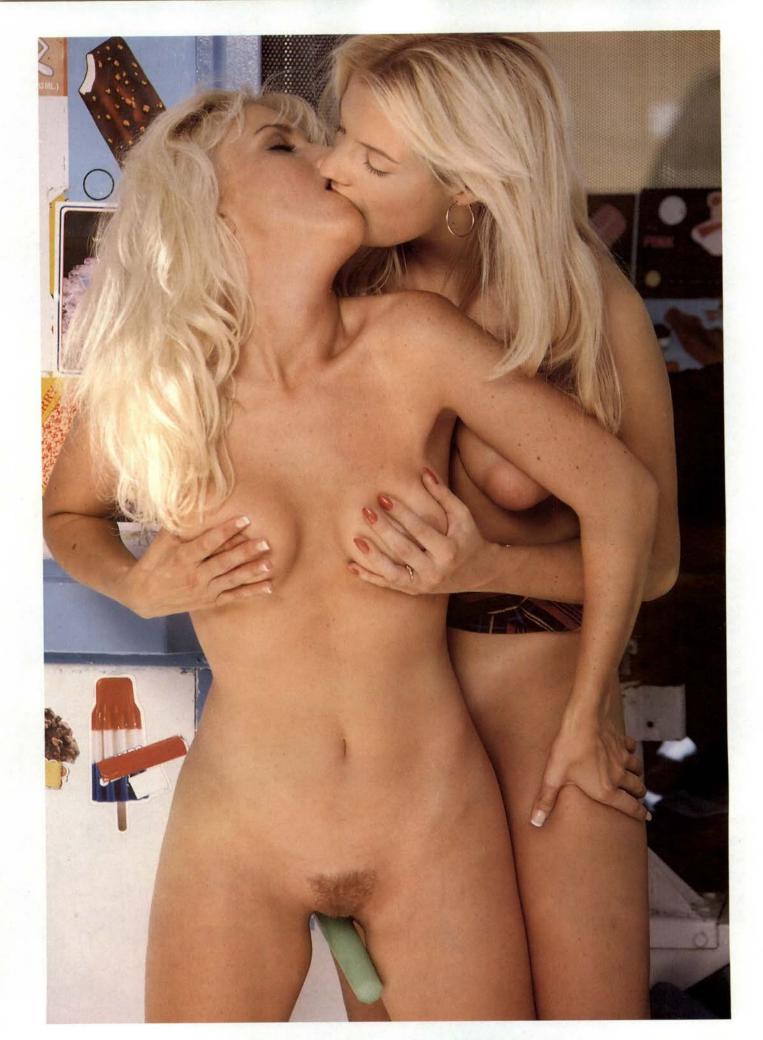
"No, greedy," laughs
Jennifer, taking a long,
luxurious lick up the
length of her cherry treat.

"I'll let you taste mine," offers Sandy. "Shut your eyes and open your mouth."

"Yikes! Too cold!" yelps
Jennifer, as a rock-hard,
green big stick slides into
her pussy. She squirms
until a soothing, warm
tongue presses against
her frozen clit. Chills run
up Jennifer's spine, and
Sandy's mouth fills with a
gooey confection.

No wonder ice cream is America's favorite dessert.















## Black Irish

Several high-profile killings—identified in the press as relating to the political conflict in Ulster—were actually hits on small-time Belfast drug dealers.

Dozens of scams contribute to the IRA's estimated \$15 million annual budget, including the employment of phony workers at construction sites, a well-known racket among mob organizations in American cities. In certain instances in London, Dublin and Belfast, union officials and job-site foremen know better than to question why checks are written week after week for laborers who never show up for work.

"There's no need to make things look accidental in Belfast," laughs one former INLA operative, now living in the Sunnyside section of Queens, New York. Knuckles, as he is known by his drinking companions, claims that many bombings and killings attributed by the media to political terrorism were instead purely criminal in nature—instances of insurance fraud.

In 1980, the bombing of the Gate Inn restaurant in Derry, Northern Ireland—perceived to be politically motivated—recouped approximately \$175,000 for its owners from insurance companies. According to Knuckles, about \$36,000 of that sum was funneled to the INLA, which had issued a communiqué claiming

responsibility for the "political" attack.

Knuckles currently bides his time tending bar in New York City. The son of a schoolteacher in Derry, he was originally recruited by the IRA at the age of 16 because his father was friendly with the local police superintendent.

"I'd hear things said between my father and the police, and pass them along to the IRA," he says.

One day he was ordered to dig a hole in the field behind his house. Lined with a 55-gallon drum, the pit was used as a depository for IRA weaponry, mostly Armalite rifles. Knuckles was given responsibility for cleaning the guns. Before long, he was using them.

Knuckles later left the IRA to join the more radical INLA. Much of his paramilitary activities might be more familiar to a student of the American Mafia than to those concerned with the practices of freedom fighters around the world. Knuckles avows that he once murdered a member of the Royal Ulster Constabulary with a crossbow. Wanted in connection with racketeering, bank robbery, drug smuggling and weapons possession by authorities throughout Ireland,

Knuckles fled to Canada. Crossing the border into the United States on foot, he arrived in New York City.

Knuckles believes both the IRA and the INLA would like to silence him permanently because of what he knows about their criminal operations, but he wants nothing more than to return to his Derry home. He believes his best bet might be to fall into the hands of the Ulster security forces.

"I've been in jail before," he shrugs. "It's nothing to me."

Aside from means of coercion, Irish paramilitary organizations can accrue funds the old-fashioned way: by stealing them. Although the IRA has a standing policy against conducting illegal operations in the U.S., three men—one of them a Catholic priest—currently stand trial in Rochester, New York, for their alleged roles in the multimillion-dollar robbery of a Brinks security service there. The federal prosecutor in the case contended that the money was stolen for the IRA; the outcome is still pending.

The Provos have benefitted from U.S.-based robberies in the past. Among the arms taken in a 1976 raid on a National Guard armory in Danvers, Massachusetts, were six M-60 general-purpose machine guns. The operation was the work of Irish and Italian mobsters, who had connections to a New York City arms dealer named George DeMeo.

DeMeo approached George Harrison, a resident of Brooklyn, New York, who had operated for many years as the IRA's chief arms procurer in the United States. In Jack Holland's book *The American Connection*, Harrison claims to have funneled 2,500 weapons to Ireland over the years, along with a million or more rounds of ammunition. Many of these arms, says Harrison, were procured by DeMeo.

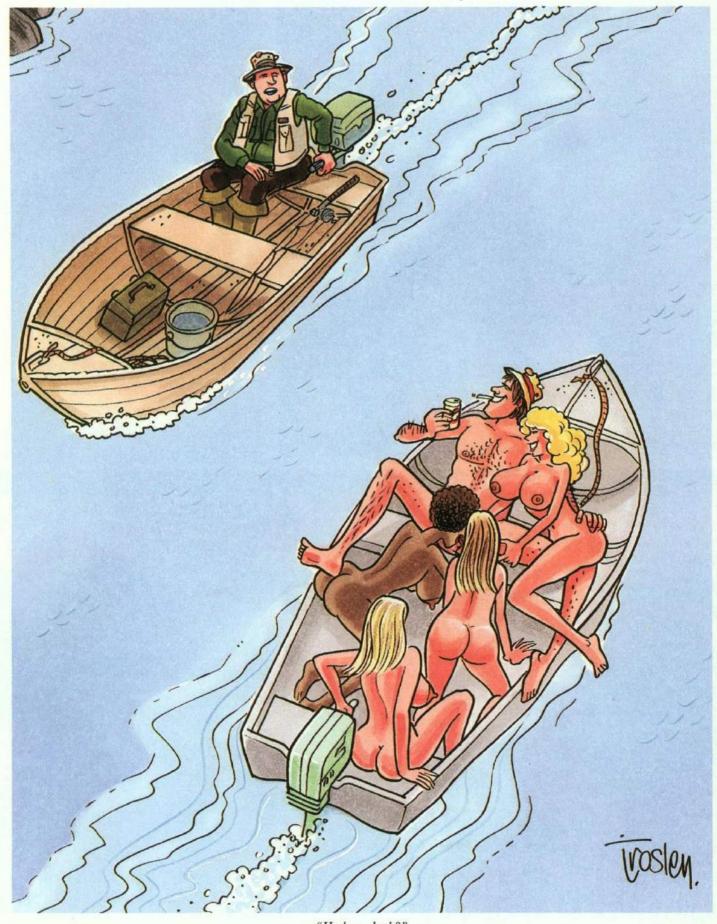
With Harrison's help, the stolen M-60s passed into Ireland in 1977. According to Harrison's later testimony, they were a gift to the IRA from De-Meo, an expression of gratitude for prior transactions. The American weapons were used to deadly effect between 1977 and 1985 in IRA attacks on foot patrols, Land Rovers and helicopters in Ireland and Great Britain. At least eight soldiers and policemen were killed in the skirmishes.

Prominent thefts by freedom-fighter Irishmen include the April 1976 robbery of the Cork-Dublin mail train that netted approximately \$360,000; in 1980 the Provos claimed responsibility. The INLA plundered approximately \$180,000 in the summer of 1984 from an armored car in Cork, and INLA

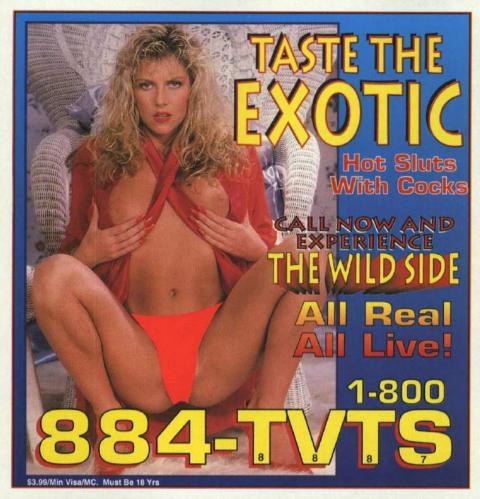


"C'mon, sugar. You're not gonna let a few dozen pussy warts slow you down, are you?"

(continued on page 142)



"Had any luck?"





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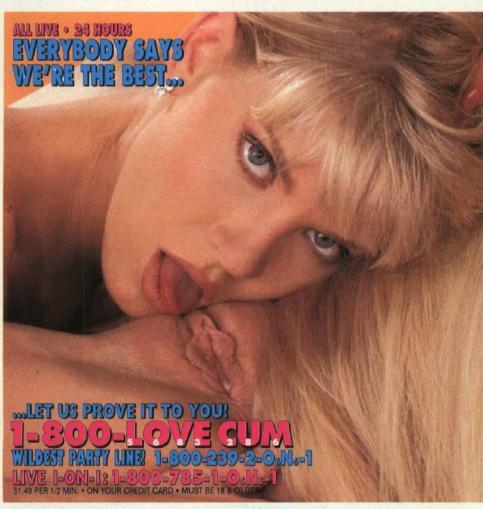










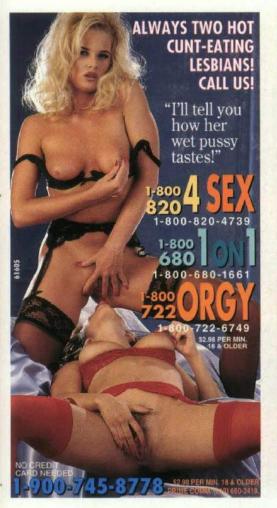


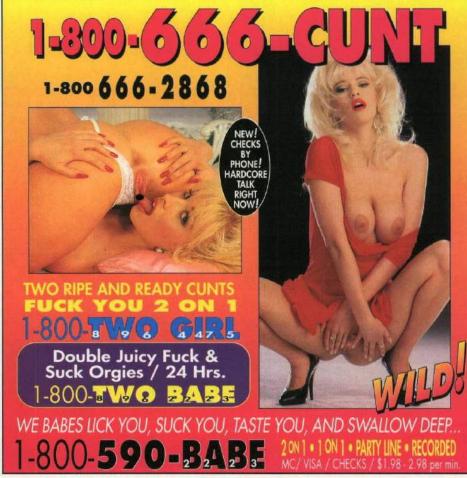












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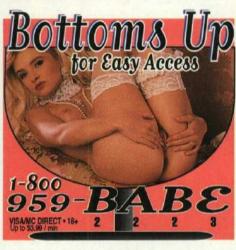
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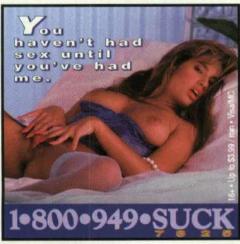






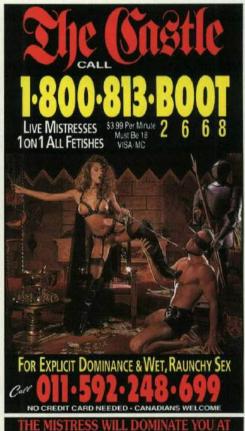












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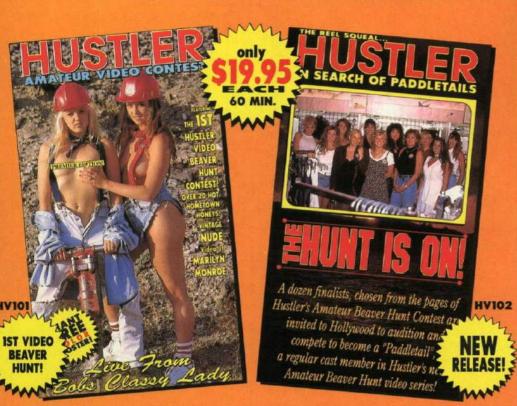
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(continued from page 57) sexual men stand the most to lose out of ignorance of the dangers of hepatitis B. States Dr. W. Thomas London, who joined Dr. Blumberg at Fox Chase in 1966 and participated in the earliest HBV research, "In most populations of persons chronically infected by hepatitis B, we find about 1½ to two times as many men

as women. Following people who are already chronically infected to chart the disappearance of the virus over time, women are about 11/2 to two times as likely to lose the virus as men."

The liver is the organ HBV affects most dramatically. In a few cases, the worst symptoms are fatigue and some muscle wasting. However, a typical patient becomes markedly jaundiced, and his abdominal cavity fills with fluid, a condition called ascites. Often, fatal symptoms follow.

Liver transplants cost up to half a million dollars-if a donor organ can be found. In the long run, the treatment offers little hope. "There is a 70% to 90% reoccurrence rate," says Dr. Vinod Rustgi, Medical Director of Liver Transplantation at Fairfax Hospital near Washington, D.C., "meaning the virus comes back in the new liver."

Despite rapid advances in understanding of the hepatitis viruses, the ability to effectively treat chronic infection is limited. Therapy involving antiviral proteins called interferons can cause significant side effects and is prohibitively costly (\$2,500 to \$4,000 a year). Preventative treatment is the preferred course of action. Officials at the Centers for Disease Control recommend vaccination for anyone who has had more than one sex partner in the past six months. There are currently two licensed vaccines on the market, Engerix-B and Recombivax HB. Both were developed by recombinant DNA technology. The vaccination schedule most often used for adults is three intramuscular injections, the second and third administered one and six months, respectively, after the first. The average cost of the three-shot vaccine, considered 90% to 95% effective, is approximately \$100. Local public-health services may offer treatment at a reduced rate. For persons already exposed to HBV, the vaccine plus an immune builder (or immune serum globulin), such as Hep-B-GammaGee or H-BIG, administered quickly, could save their liver and their life.

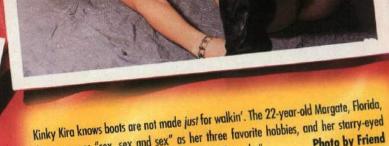
As with most major health concerns, ignorance may prove as deadly as a virus. While the rising rate of hepatitis B remains overshadowed by other health news in America, fulminant HBV leads to death within a few weeks in 450 cases a year, but almost 5,000 people per year die from hepatitis B-related liver cancer and cirrhosis.

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Olivia Newton-John never got this physical. In addition to building her body, exotic Panda hikes and writes in her spare time. The 27-year-old Albany, New York, university employee vants to be seduced by a vampire. Anyone up for an interview? Photo by Friend



dancer names "sex, sex and sex" as her three favorite hobbies, and her starry-eyed Photo by Friend wish is to have "mad sex in front of hundreds of people."



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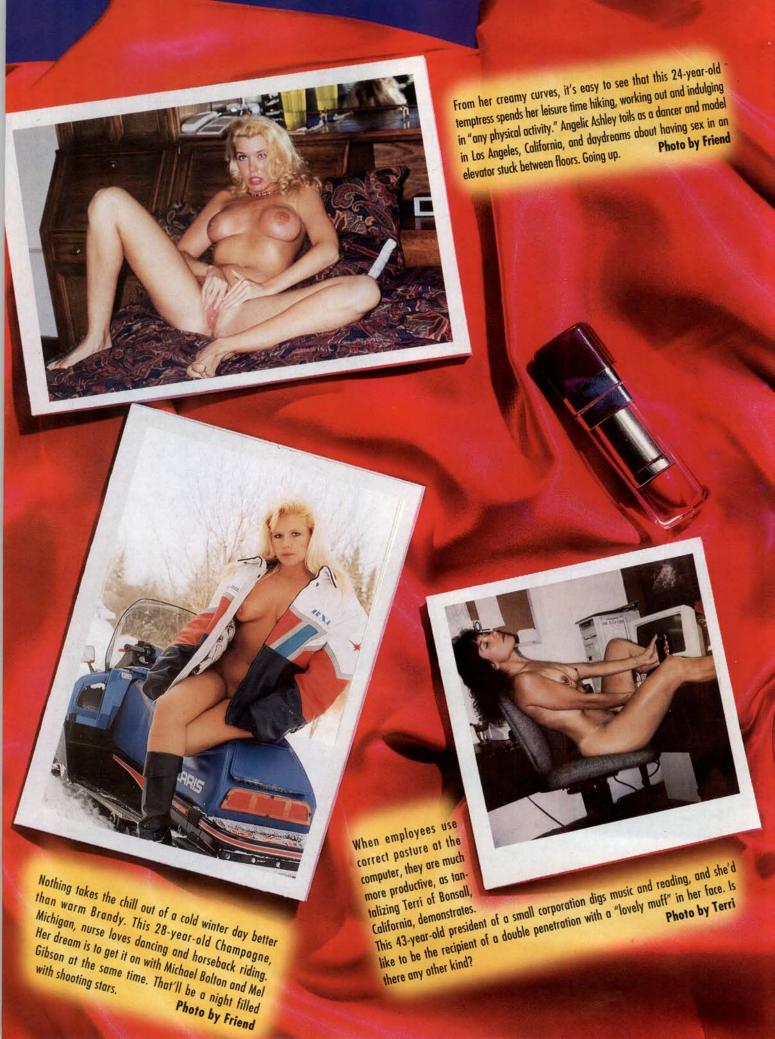
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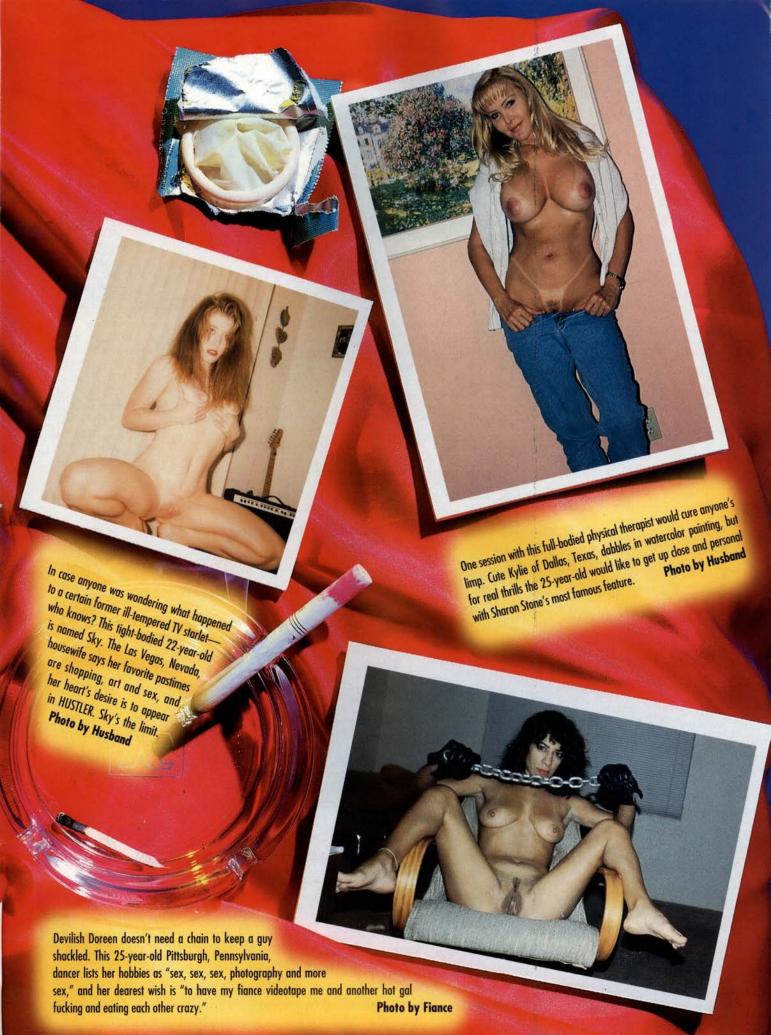
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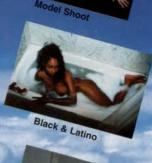








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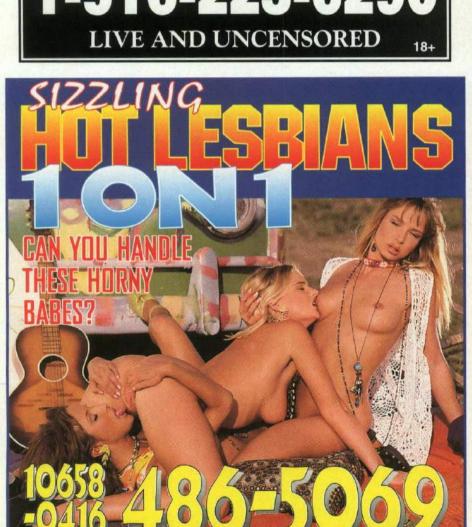
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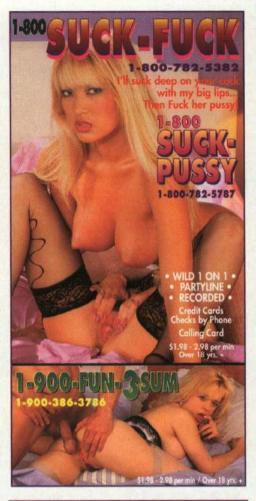




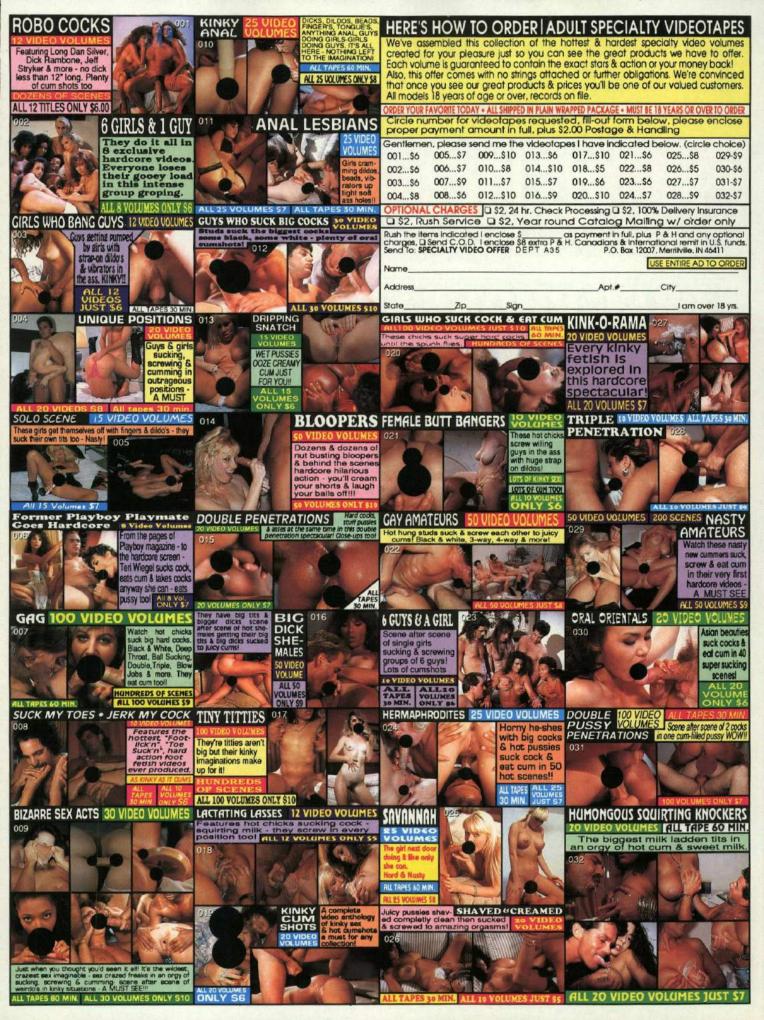




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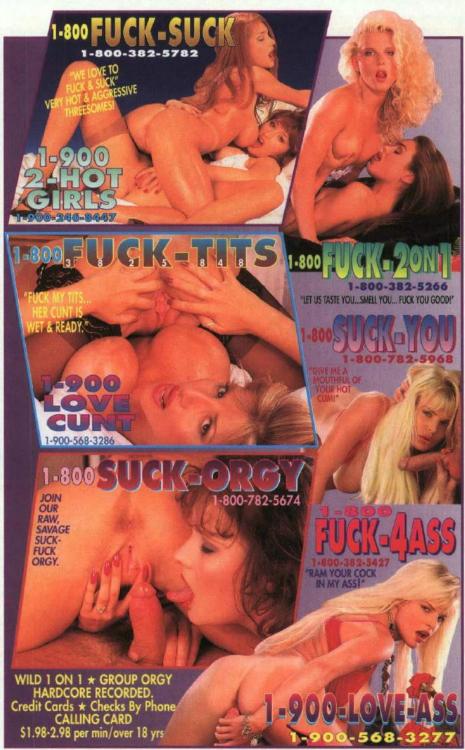






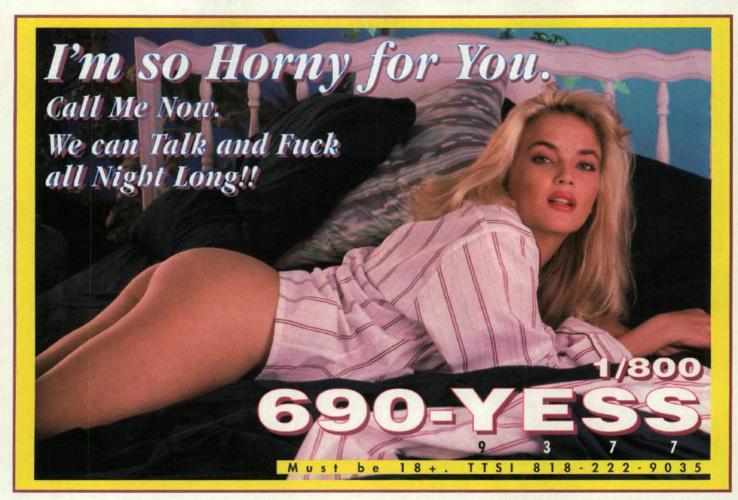




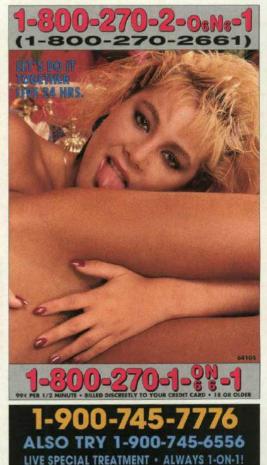












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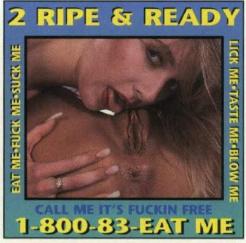
















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We tape recorded Sex Chat Lines LISTEN TO THE SEX CHATS WE RECORDED LIVE! (SERVICE PIN NUMBER 201)

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## Ear Fucking Noises!

Eating Apple Pie while

Eating a carrot with her Horny pink lips!! (Pin 204

DEMENDED ONLY THE A MINUTE

## **DIAL A SEX DATE**

We advertise for over-sexed women & bored wives all over the states and they want a fuck from you - and they are not after money. We set up your sex date within one hour and we make our money on the 01144 kick back.

**SERVICE PIN No. 213** 

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## SI NOISIS

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DONNA 18 straps it on (PIN214)
19 Ur old sucks you off (PIN215)
Ram it up me now lim 18 (PIN216)
Gcrew my friend l'Il help (PIN217)
I'm 19 and I want you
to cum in my mouth! (PIN218)
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Note: Ear Fucking lines, we have an overload module that can direct callers to other services, incuding racing, ball games, glamour, romance, even the weather report. All numbers are international numbers. The minimum call charge being 75c per min.



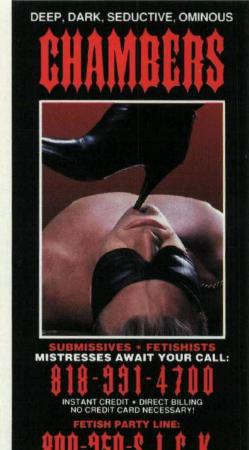












## Black Irish

(continued from page 120)

A group of six IPLO volunteers and hangers-on abducted a young woman from a Chinese restaurant on the Falls Road in Belfast. She was brutally gang-raped.

members teamed up with French, Belgian and Italian terrorist groups to pull off a string of spectacular armed robberies in those countries during the mid-1980s.

Profiteering on such a massive scale breeds discontent and rivalry. In 1986, the INLA—itself a splinter group of the IRA—underwent a split of its own. A new group, the Irish People's Liberation Organization (IPLO), emerged. Chief among the IPLO's introductory ploys was the assassination of an INLA operative named Tom McCartan.

McCartan's father, Jack "Fingers" McCartan, had made a fortune in the Provisional IRA's Belfast rackets prior to his own assassination in 1977. Although the IRA claimed Jack McCartan's murder was the work of loyalist paramilitants, it was commonly believed that he had been killed by the IRA for skimming cash.

The younger McCartan excelled in graft, to the extent that the Green Cross, a support organization for families of imprisoned Irish nationalists, refused to make "donations" to McCartan's party, the INLA.

On December 22, 1986, McCartan was gunned down by IPLO assassins. Immediately after the murder, the IPLO issued a communiqué stating that McCartan had been killed for using the honorable Republican struggle for his own private gain.

Under the leadership of an activist named Jimmy Brown—who considered the formerly untouchable drug trade simply another tool to fund the war against British imperialism—the IPLO commenced running drugs along routes previously used for smuggling arms into Europe.

Purchased in Amsterdam, the drugs, including Ecstasy, cocaine, heroin and hashish, were concealed beneath the floorboards of vans and driven to various French ports, to be placed in prescription medicine bottles before being shipped north to Ireland.

According to INLA: Deadly Divisions, several high-profile killings around this time—identified in the press as relating to the political conflict in Ulster—were actually hits on small-time Belfast drug dealers by IPLO assassins demarcating IPLO turf.

Overseeing the fledgling operation, Brown professed to believe that the price of drug trafficking was worth the gain of Irish independence. Less idealistic paramilitants from both the IPLO and the loyalist UVF—young men with little or no ideological interest in politics—were soon strutting around Belfast in \$500 suits, carrying cellular phones and selling Ecstasy at \$35 a tablet (American prices for the illegal intoxicant run between \$5 and \$15). At one point, the IPLO bought a taxicab company in order to more efficiently deliver its drugs to Belfast discotheques.

Flush with ambition and greed, the IPLO itself began to split into factions—veteran guerrilla fighters on one side; young, American-style gangbangers on the other.

Meanwhile, the IPLO's ranks continued to grow, swelling with IRA outcasts and common criminals seeking protection against the Provos' punishment squads. One night in June 1990, a group of six IPLO volunteers and hangers-on abducted a young woman from a Chinese restaurant on the Falls Road in Belfast. After being taken to a nearby apartment, she was brutally gang-raped. IPLO officials ordered and carried out punishment shootings of the men involved, but the Catholic community in West Belfast was outraged.

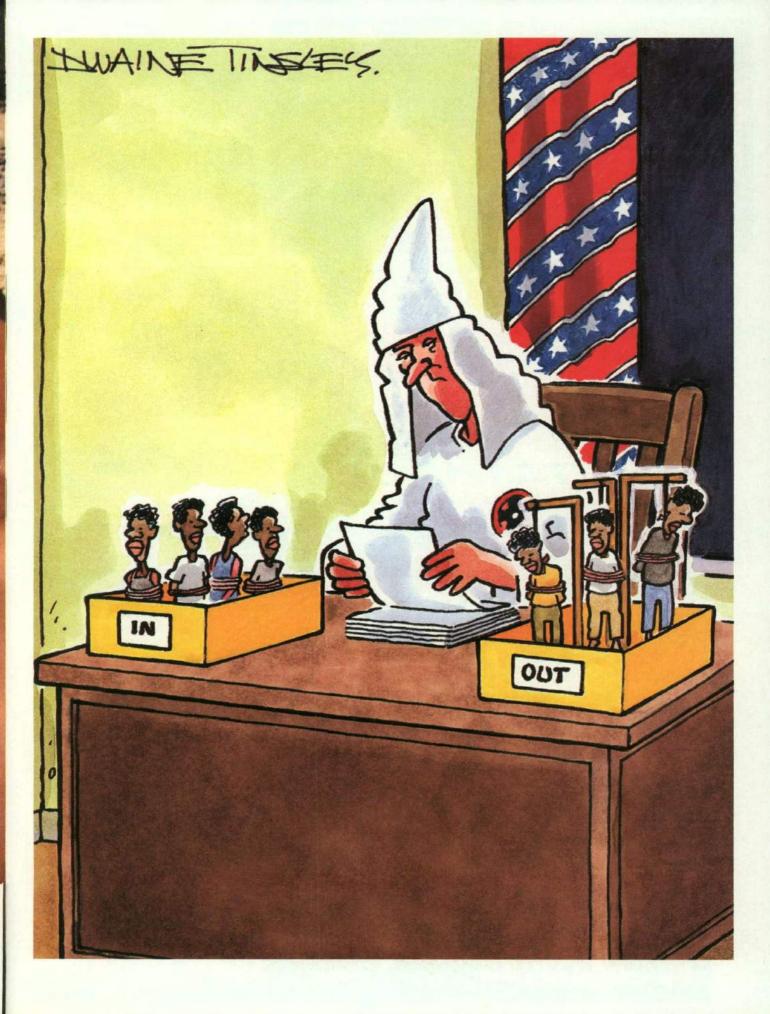
Two low-level drug dealers were murdered by hit squads for encroaching on IPLO turf in 1990. A few months afterward, two IPLO men shot and killed a nightclub manager following a drunken dispute. The incidents enraged the Provos. Animosity between the two factions accelerated to the point where jailed IPLO members were secluded from the general prison population in Ulster because of harassment and threats from IRA inmates.

On August 18, 1992, IPLO leader Jimmy Brown was assassinated. According to Jack Holland, Brown's killer was an IPLO member, a former top assassin for the Provos.

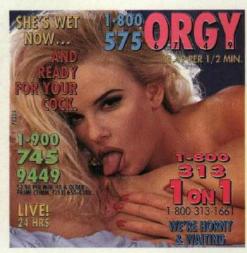
The murder provoked a brief period of factional warfare between members of the IPLO, with Catholic killing Catholic in Belfast. On Halloween night, 1992, a force of IRA volunteers launched a series of attacks on IPLO members, low-level drug dealers and petty criminals who hung on the fringes of the organization. A leading IPLO operative, Sammy Ward, was publicly slain in an attack on a pub, and more than two dozen others were shot and wounded.

Following the bloody purge, which became known as the "Night of the (continued on page 148)





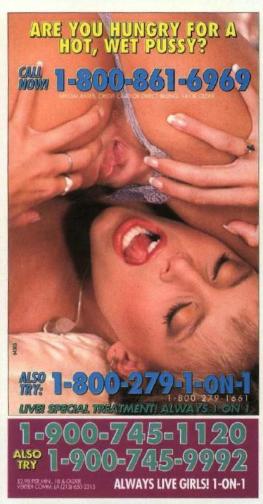




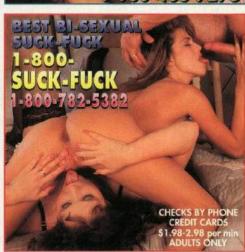
















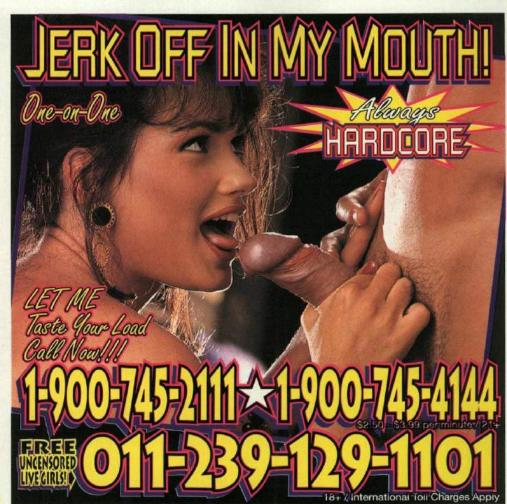




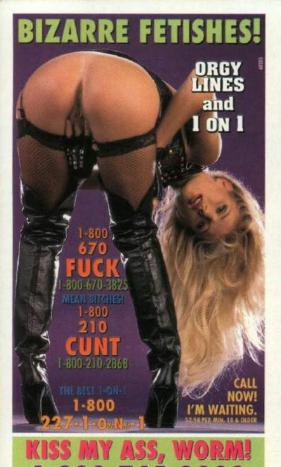










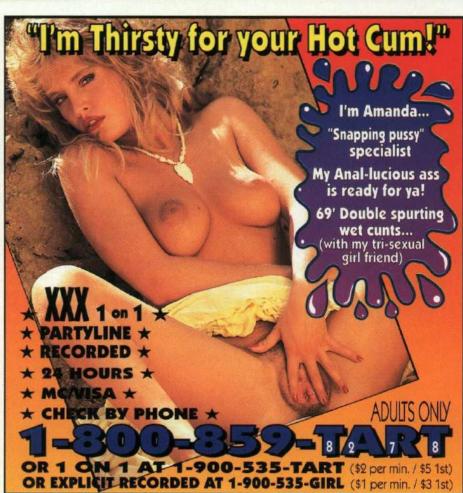




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## Butler

(continued from page 96)

and red panties, was swinging by the neck from a hook in the ceiling.

Neighbors accustomed to frenzied shouting at Van Dyke's apartment were frightened by the bloodcurdling screams down the hall. Police arrived too late to save the life of the "blue and foaming at the mouth," 33-year-old Caucasian female. Kelly Van Dyke was pronounced dead November 17, 1991, a day before Jerry Butler was released from jail.

Shortly afterward, A. F. V. announced the release of two Nancee Kellie videos, entitled *Club Josephine* and, in an exploitative "fuck you" to Jerry Van Dyke, *The Coaches Daughter* [sic].

Butler and Loring embarked on a string of paid talk show appearances, including Geraldo, Donahue, Sally Jesse Raphael and the Morton Downey Jr. Show. The calamitous couple maintained they were off drugs; that their recent problems stemmed from the psychologically damaging emergence of the Addams Family movie, whose producers would not give the original Wednesday Addams a cameo; and that Jerry Butler had absolutely retired from the godforsaken adult-film industry.

Meanwhile, the revised, softcover edition of Raw Talent (1992) included a

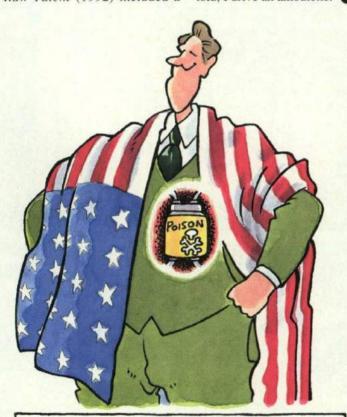
new chapter that proclaimed Butler had returned to the X-lensed cameras with no apologies.

"He's a moron," says *Screw* magazine's Al Goldstein, typifying the adult-industry's reaction to post-*Raw Talent* Jerry Butler. "A cocaine-sniffing, panty-wearing, piece of shit. I've heard rumors he's a stool for the FBI and the *National Enquirer*. Fuck you, Jerry Butler!"

The gossip rags haven't written about Butler since he sold a heartfelt testimonial to the *Star* in June 1992 ("*Addams Family* Star Lisa Loring Killing Herself With Heroin"). Butler and Loring divorced in 1992.

Reduced to an anonymous shmo, Jerry Butler holds on to his memories of his brief stay at the top of his game. For a shining moment, in acknowledged porn classics like *In Love* (VCA, 1983), he was a handsome, talented actor in an industry known for hairy backs and flubbed lines.

Taking a break from his newest occupation—driving an ambulance in Brooklyn, New York—Jerry has his say in an open letter to the adult-film industry in December 1993's Adult Video News: "I miss all of you, the good and the bad. We are all getting older now, and maturity is setting in on those who can accept this letter. I love you for those who can't...until you will. P.S.: If truth be told, I drive an ambulette."



THE HEART OF A RIGHT WING REPUBLICAN

## Irish

(continued from page 142)

Long Knives," the IPLO ceased to exist, with many of its former members fleeing to safety in Britain and the United States.

Characterizing the violent rampage as a righteous means to purge the blight of drug dealing in West Belfast, the IRA took public responsibility for the attacks. Underlying its higher motives was material gain: the opportunity to usurp control of organized crime in Belfast.

Drinking clubs throughout Ireland, as well as in some major U.S. cities, owned by both the Provisional and the Official IRA, continue to launder money obtained from robberies and graft. Video bootlegging, a new but highly profitable IRA enterprise, offers under-the-table titles ranging from hard-core porn to the latest theatrical releases. Also bootlegged through the IRA's extensive black-market channels is *poteen*, an untaxed, fiercely strong liquor distilled from potatoes.

In 1994, a Protestant businessman in Antrim was accused of having the UVF detonate an incendiary device in his hotel for insurance purposes. According to authorities, the UVF received \$30,000 for burning the place down, while the owner collected \$120,000. Security forces estimate that the UDA earned nearly \$2 million last year from building-site extortion alone.

Catholic and Protestant political leaders, including current Sinn Féin President Gerry Adams and Ulster Unionist leader Reverend Ian Paisley, have presented no official program to help break the racketeers' stranglehold.

Despite the fact that Northern Ireland is practically a police state, peppered with army and police patrols and official checkpoints at virtually every major highway intersection, relatively few arrests are made for criminal activity.

According to Jack Holland, one need look no further than the Official IRA to see the future state of Ireland, regardless of the cease-fire.

In 1969, reminds Holland, the IRA had split into two factions, the Officials and the Provisionals. The Official IRA had called a cease-fire—in essence, promising to dismantle its operations—while the Provisional IRA opted to maintain the armed struggle against Britain.

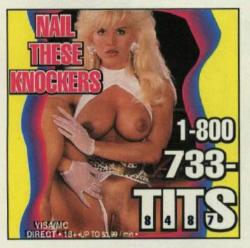
"That was 22 years ago, and yet the Officials still exist today," remarks Holland. "They exist simply to protect their rackets."



"Do you prefer salt or a salt substitute?"













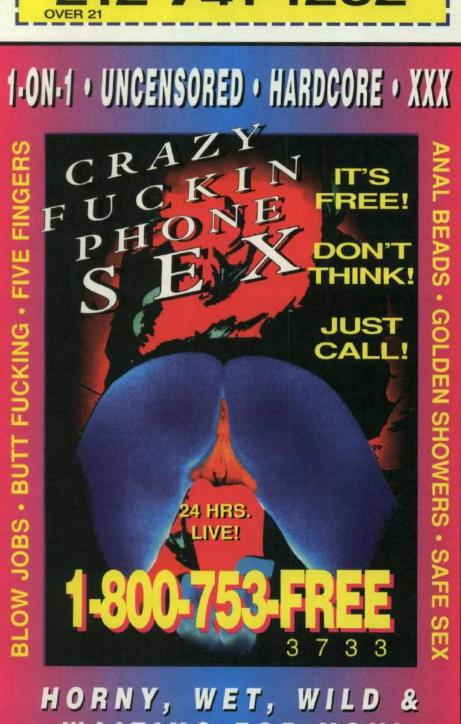












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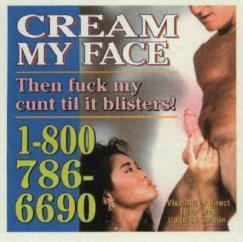


















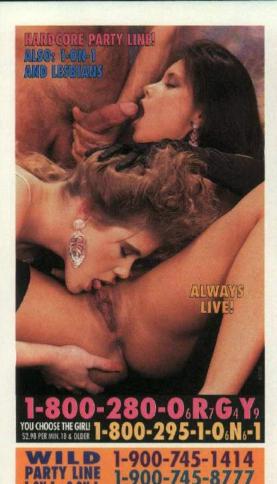






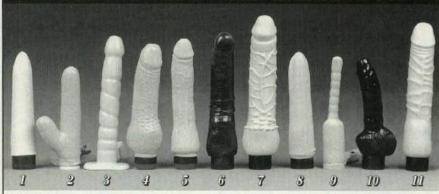








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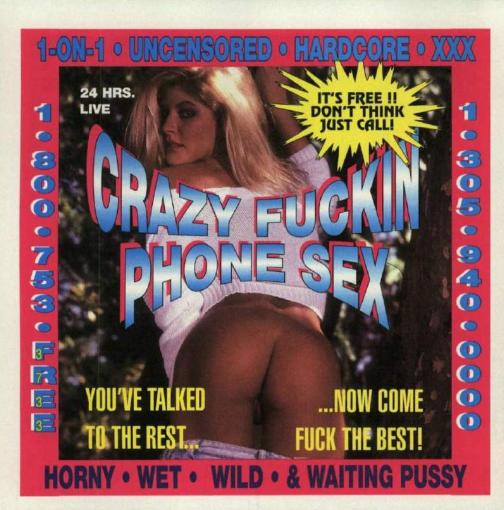
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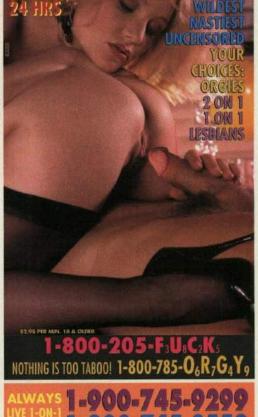
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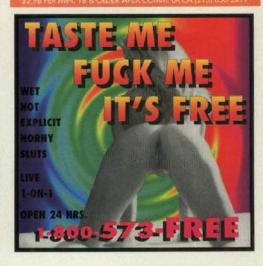
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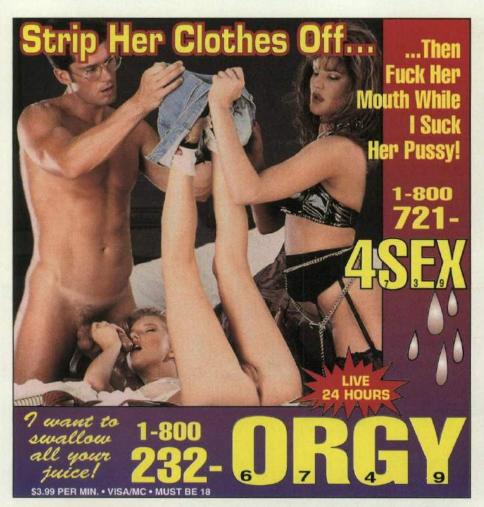






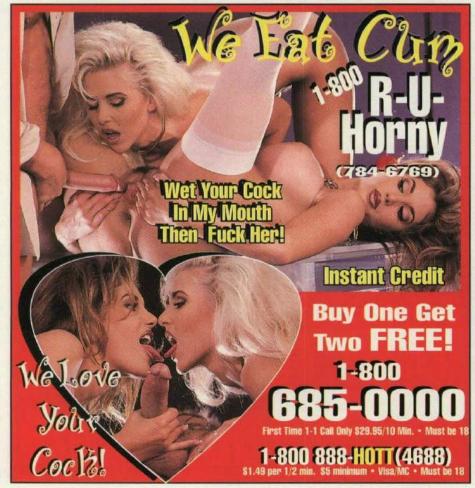












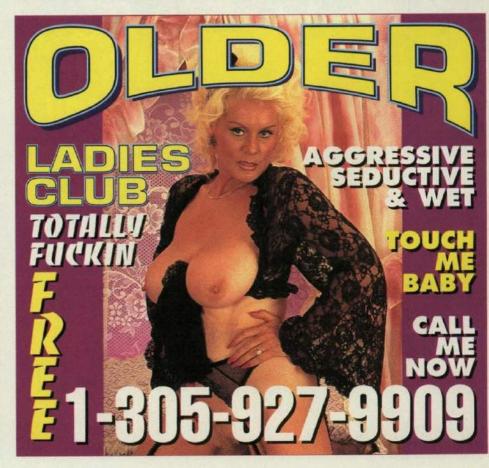
















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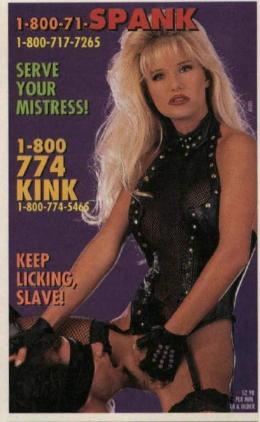


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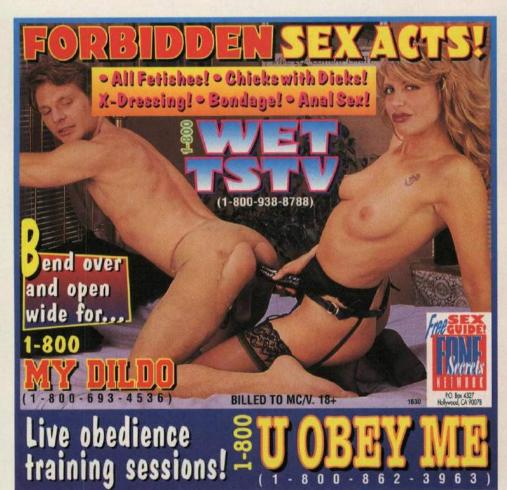
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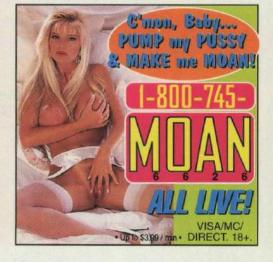
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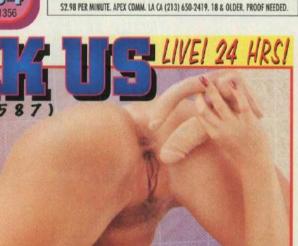




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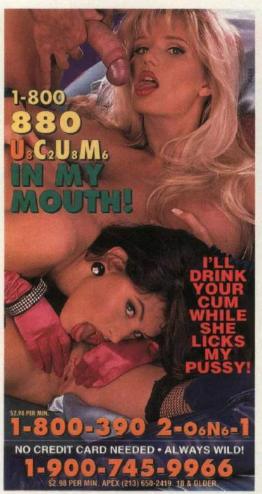


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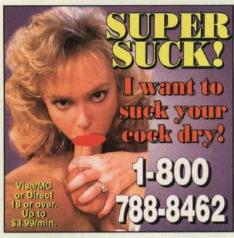






















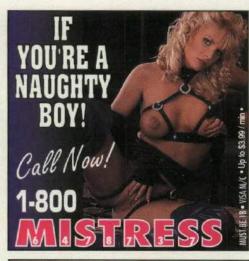


















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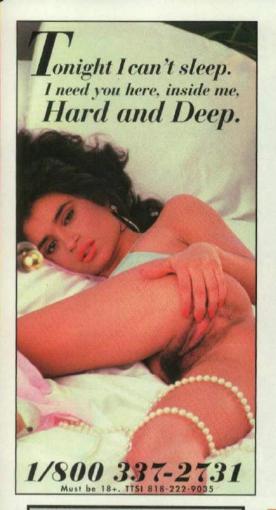
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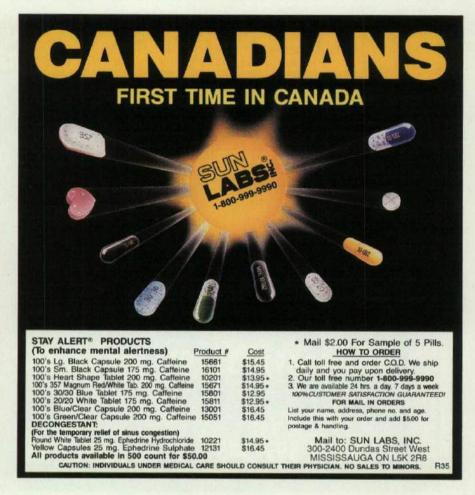
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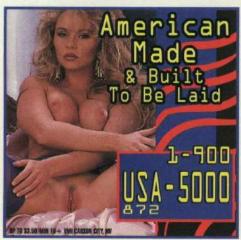
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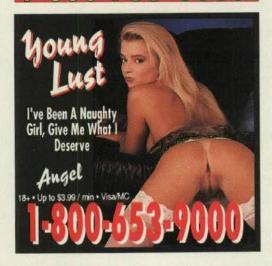


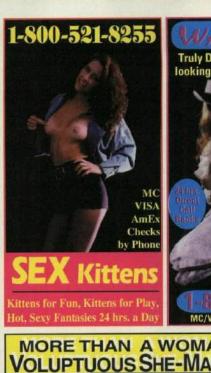










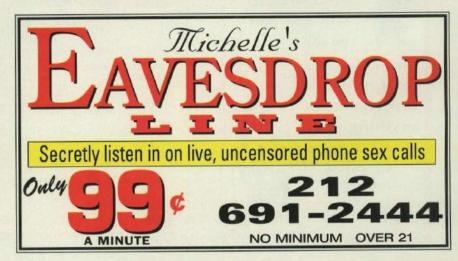


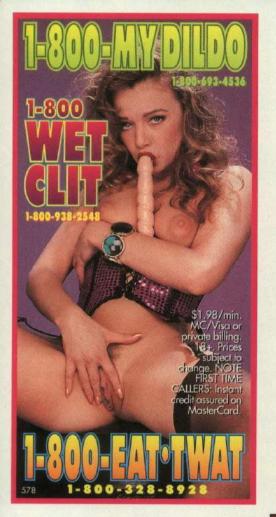




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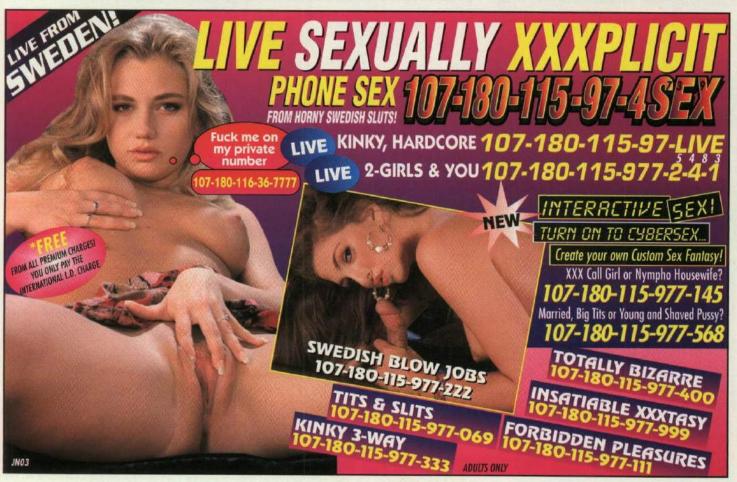
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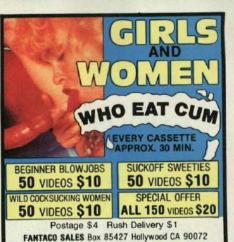
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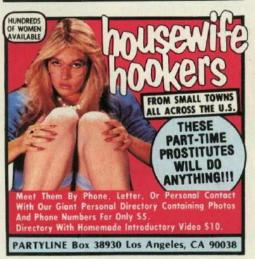


































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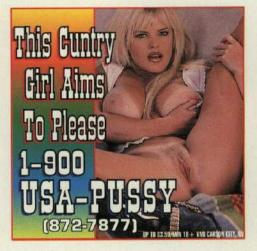




















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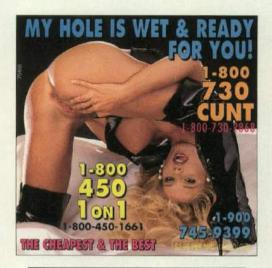
















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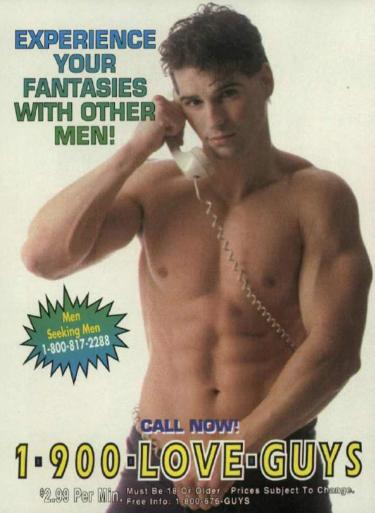
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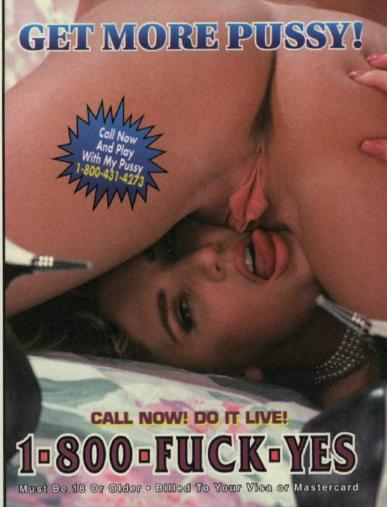
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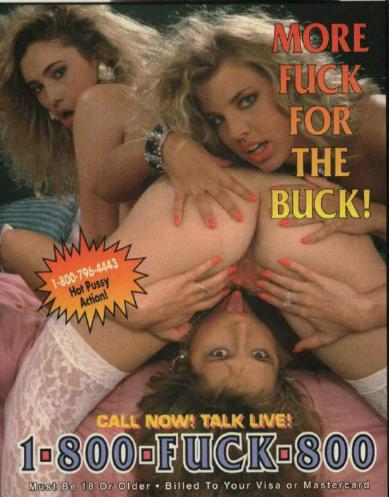
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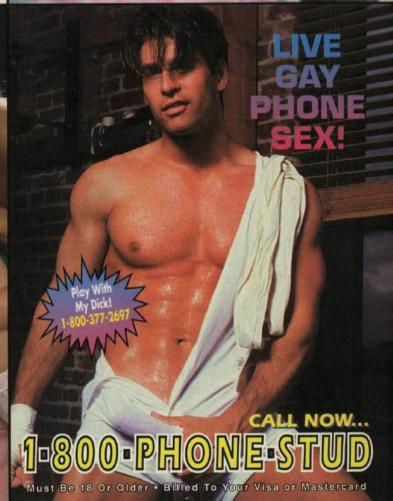
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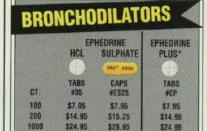
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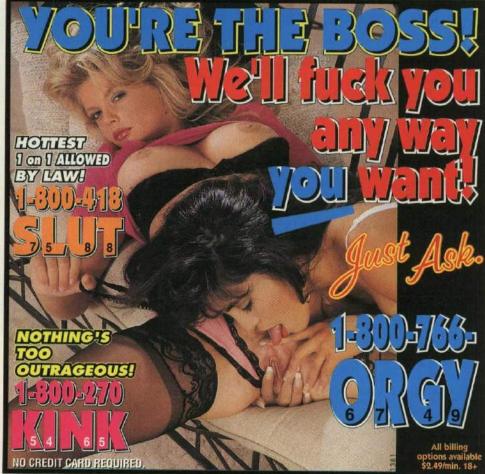
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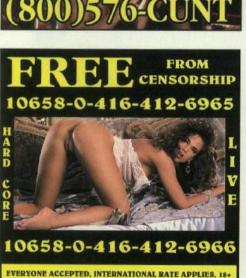
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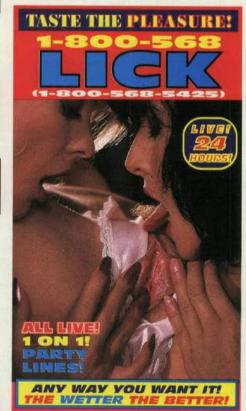
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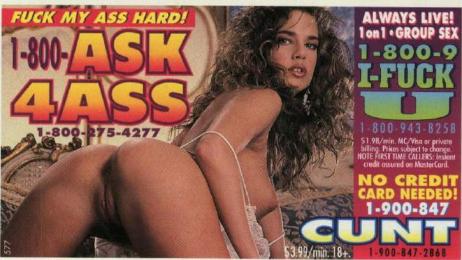
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cybersex n. (sigh-burr-sex)—a sexual encounter that one experiences utilizing the new technology of "virtual reality," i.e. not occurring in reality, but with all the sensations, pleasure, and orgasmic response of real sex so faithfully duplicated, as to be virtually indistinguishable from the real thing. (See also cybersexual intercourse.)

Virtual Reality is the most phenomenal breakthrough to emerge from so e whole world is talking about it: The Los Angeles Times Magazine and other major metropolitan newspapers have covered it: Talk-show hosts have experimented with it on national TV in front of millions of viewers; An author made it the subject of his best-selling-book-turned-blockbuster-movie. A popular hotel/casino in Las Vegas has a coin-operated system installed that generates more income than most of its black/lack tables: There are even some fast food restaurants that have installed VR systems, to capitalize on the guaranteed, magnetic

draw of such an incredible attraction.
What is VIRTUAL REALITY? Quite simply, it is nothing less than a technology that can virtually re-create reality – every sight, sound, smell, touch and sensation of any human experience can be duplicated, "cloned," with a system that simulates all the sensations of the Real McCoy, and allows a subject (you, for example) to experience and enjoy the little episode as if you were really there; no human being can tell the difference.

Scientists and researchers have actually discovered 'the building blocks' of sensory perception, and more incredibly, are able to recreate, or "clone" those patterns, resulting in an

experience so indistinguishable from the real thing, that it has been dubbed "VIRTUAL REALITY." Since the mind's conscious interpretation of incoming stimulus is what determines the nature of human experience, this means that actual events in human experience can be synthesized, recreated at will, to be "re-played" at any time, with any subject (you), like today's video cassettes, but on

a far more realistic level.

As a medium of entertainment, however, its implications were **truly astounding**. Imagine being able to "relive" any situation you desire, whenever you want, as often as you want to? Imagine "custom" tailoring" a sexual experience to your own stringent requirements – every detail, every nuance – exactly the way you like it. Not only that, but also available whenever you want it, as often as your body can handle Iti Cay or straight, the subject matter is at your total command; the only limitation is the human imagination. Are you beginning to grasp the phenomenal scope of this discovery?

Betty Jo and Darryl Sanderson, Spokane, WA\*

A consultant named Peter Webber, whose firm had been contracted by major movie studios to





research new entertainment technologies came upon this systems at a trade show. In a brainstorm, he realized an as-yet-untapped area that would be an instant hit.
SEXUAL EXPERIENCES IN VIRTUAL REALITY – so
detailed, so true-to-life, it would be a perfect
"clone" of the real thing. Every voluptuous curve of the perfect sex partner would be recreated to your specifications; that indescribable "tingling" in your groin; every sensation of a totally satisfying sexual experience exactly duplicated - Indistinguishable from the real

If the magnificent implications of SEXUAL EXPERIENCES IN VR are still not clear, let's make a simple comparison between REAL SEX EXPERIENCE and CYBERSEX VR SIMULATOR EXPERIENCE:

- REAL SEX

  1. You may never have an experience with the "partner of your dreams."

  2. Frequency often depends on
- mood and receptiveness of female partner. 3. Risk of pregnancy/disease can interfere and dampen
- pleasure.
  4. Infrequent/not always
- available
- available.
  Finding and seducing partners can be very expensive.
  For your pursuit, you need a nice car, a nice pad, nice clothes, and plenty of money.

- CYBERSEX

  1 You can enjoy your "dream partner" any time you want.
- 2 Frequency depends entirely on you; The words "no" and "headache" do not exist in virtual
- 5 The safest and most satisfying sexual encounters known to man
- How often can you handle it?
- incur a one time charge that costs less than dinner and a You need only an electrical

Please note – Virtual reality experience is entirely dependent on the orientation of the user – gay, straight, bisexual, groups, "kinky," or whatever – **there is no** sexual discrimination in virtual reality!

Perhaps the most wonderful technology is that it constantly seeks to improve upon itself. A decade ago, video cassette recorders cost in excess of \$1,000; today they are little more than a tenth of that. And the same is true of Virtual Reality technology; the components that used to cost thousands of dollars can now be had for far less. This fact, coupled with the tremendous resources available ract, coupled with the tremendous resources available to our movie and entertainment industry, make the time 'ripe' for a breakthrough of this nature. After 3 years of intensive research, Webber developed the CYBERSEX HOME VR – SIMULATOR SYSTEM. So that the marvels of this new technology could be appreciated first hand by consumers in the privacy of their own homes, at an affordable price.

Kyle Miller, Nashville, TN\*

So why isn't this miraculous 'DREAM MACHINE' available on a mass level?

It's simple - the "giants" of consumer electronics don't want to release the goodles yet. They have to keep the price in the stratosphere, to 'milk' the consumers, just like they did with VCR's CD players, and every other new development they've come out

But it doesn't have to be that way - not this time. But it doesn't have to be that way - not this time. Take advantage of this invitation to buy direct. Try out our CYBERSEX HOME VR SIMULATOR SYSTEM. Find out what the noise is all about, and why the whole world is buzzing, We'll ship you the genuine article, lock-stock-and-barrel, ready to use and experience, for only \$24.95 each. Or, if you prefer our multi person system will enable you to take that special person or persons through your journey to sexual ecstasy. The price of the multi person system is only \$39.95 each. We've got the only system of its kind, right here in the movie capital of the world, ready to ship direct to you; we alone have found a way to deliver a system like this one for this price. Order yours today!

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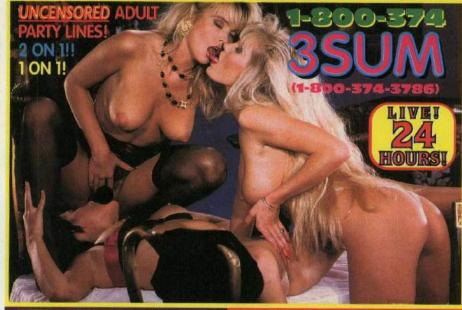
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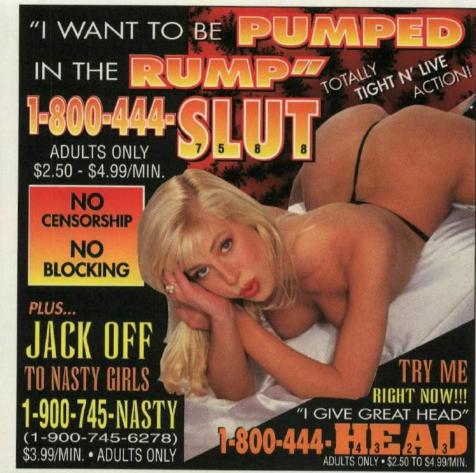
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Let's face it, when you decide to purchase an effective penis enlargement pump to increase the size of your penis, the most important thing to you is the quality of the pump itself. So while instruction in its correct use- through a video or magazine- is important, the cost of the tape is still less than that of the high quality pump that important, the cost of the tape is still less than that of the high quanty pump that we're offering. Ask yourself how other companies can charge \$25 or more for their package... and \$20 of that price is for the tape! Does that mean you're going to trust your penis to the quality of a \$5 PUMP?! Do youself a favor, don't take chances. Our pump is the BEST available, and that's why we're almost giving the tape (or magazine) away to prove it! We want you to enjoy every potential of your sex life... not ruin it with a \$5 pump. We think you'll agree with us that our system is the only one you can feel confident with. We wouldn't sell it if it wasn't. Remember, we offer the province of the province o successful results for 20 years with more than 3 million men! PEAK SYSTEMS DEPT 53H Box 1560, No. Hollywood, CA 91614



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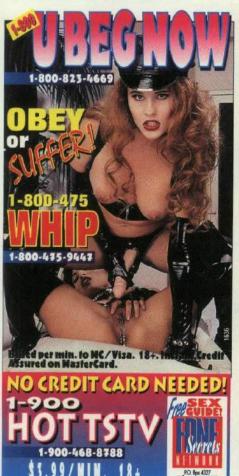
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# 1314

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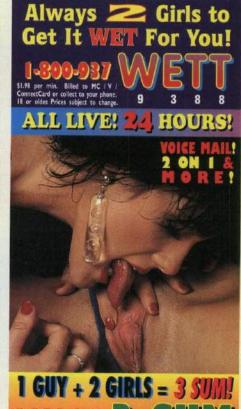




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# **HUSTLER** on sale February 14,



# PINK RAIN

HUSTLER in April makes it an early spring with a fist-flooding force of fresh talent. Get wet with a curly tressed, cunt-obsessed miss going headto-spread with her button-nose sis in a bitchin' rawhide ride; mop up after a floor-crawling, diamond-draped lap-luster who buffs a linoleum deck with her butt till it shines; stoke the fire inside a golden-haired island girl drawing refreshment from the fur-lined oasis tucked between her lickable, palm-oiled legs; claim the prize of a flesh-and-blood Venus de Milo displaying her classic figure and precious, naturally full bosom in a classy boudoir setting; and press the pedal to the medal when a race driver tools a trophy-winning, hourglass chassis right off the map in a dizzying drive over powder-white peaks and open-wide cheeks to a tight little dip in the valley. HUSTLER in April is the ammo of choice for young guns. Shooting is guaranteed.



# FICTION FOR FRICTION

Some asswipe in the lockup at Washington State's Pierce County jail told Lester Oswald that the C&C tavern in Tacoma was the place to be for bloody fights, easy ass and cheap fucking beer. In that hell-raising bar in the Pacific Northwest, Lester made a date with an angel. But can a married man ever find heaven on Earth? Angie, by writer Joe Moore, is a cautionary tale, with a moral to boot. But more than that, it's a fucking good read.



# WRONG SIDE OF RIGHT

Human-liberties activists are popularly considered civic-minded fighters for every citizen's rights under the law, including freedom from harassment and invasion of privacy. However, many prominent civil-rights organizations have been conducting illegal surveillance on their perceived opponents-and others, entirely innocent of any wrongdoing-for years. In extensive files, many compiled through illegal, immoral measures, these supposed do-gooders have targeted as "enemies of racial, ethnic and religious harmony" people and groups that are law-abiding proponents of government reform. Writer Jim Redden explores the dark side of the fight for enlightenment in Good Guy Spies, a troubling look at a questionable alliance between federal interests and private concerns.



# **HOME-BREW CHASER**

Erotic Entertainment taps XXX flicks worth giving a hand to and raps what gets the finger; Hot Letters spells just another day at the office, dear F-U-C-K; Beaver Hunt knocks on neighborhood doors, and naked housewives put on the charm; and Bits & Pieces rakes a shitload of funny ideas over the blistering coals of wise-ass irresponsibility. HUSTLER in April hits all the hot spots. Come along.





# **Untamed Erotica!**

Real People Fucking and Sucking LIVE!



All I do is fantasize about the day that I'll find some big strong man with a hard cock that can give it to me all night long. I don't care what he asks for...if he can fuck me right, he'll get it. I guess you could call me a Hot Cunt that's why I changed my number to

# 1-800-HOT-CUNT (468-2868).

As for my friend Tina, she wants her sex kinky, hot and wild. One or two men at a time and on occassion even a woman to tickle her clit

or the auv's balls. She asked me to give you her number but only if you're naughty enough!

1-800-666

# TINA (8462)

The way I suck cock wil leave you shaking in your socks. First I'll lick your balls with my wet hot



tongue and then I'll move my way up your shaft with wet kisses and when you're hard and begging me to take you into my mouth I'll tease you by sucking only your buldging cock head. What cums next? You do when you call me at

You say sit on it and we say "Thought you'd never ask". Yeah we're the kind of gals who want it way up tight. We bend over for you and spread 'em wide! Imagine your big hard cock in a small tight hole. Don't imagine... You can be do'in it to us right now on...





taboo and yet your fantasy keeps leading you to it? Let me be your Bi fantasy...we can take it slow or get down and dirty right away. Let's talk, let's meet on

1-800-777-MEET (6338)



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